

ADAM

40¢

JANUARY, 1974

FACT • FICTION • HUMOR

Illustrated by
FREDERICK BROWN

SEE ROME AND DIE - page 26

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Fool's Gold

Barton was determined to beat the giant croc that guarded the secret of Halliday's Reef, but ...

FICTION/JOHN P. GILDERS

CHADWICK STIRRED the campfire and watched the sun set behind the jungle-clad hills. His long features were crinkled with worry. "I'm not going out on the river tonight, Barton," he said.

Barton, square-faced, thickset, stopped adjusting the spotlight on the dinghy. "Why not?" he asked roughly.

"Because it's not worth the effort. All the crocs have been shot out of this area, I'm sorry I came up to Queensland. I should have stayed in Sydney."

"You were broke," Barton said harshly.

"Anything would have been better than this," Chadwick replied.

Barton swung a battery on board the dinghy and connected the spotlight. He picked up the rifle and looked at them. "We might have luck tonight," he said.

"Huh?" Chadwick grunted. "You can have it on your own. I'm going back to Sydney."

Barton jumped from the boat on to the grassy bank. He walked over to Chadwick and squatted in front of the fire. He poured himself a mug of coffee. "Things have been tough," he said.

"I'll say they have," Chadwick growled. "Ten days and not one shot. We'll get nothing here." Barton frowned, deep in thought.

"The storm will soon be gone," Chadwick added. "What then? We've got to get a dollar somewhere."

"Pike Halliday's reef," Barton said thoughtfully.

"What?" Chadwick asked.

"Pike Halliday?" Barton said, his dark eyes afloat. "I met him the last time I was here. He's an old guy — must be 40. I stayed at his camp a couple of nights. He talked a lot of rubbish, but there might be some truth in what he said."

"What did he say?"

"There's a reef loaded with gold

cutting across one of the creeks which flow into the river. It's guarded by a huge bull croc about 30 feet long. Old Pike says that anybody who tries to take the gold will be torn to pieces by the croc."

"Jazz?" Chadwick exclaimed. He looked at Barton unbelievably. "It sounds crazy."

"Yeah," Barton agreed. "But you know what these old timers are like. They've been in the bush so long they dream up all kinds of stories. But there is a sliver of gold in the reef. It must have been washed down from somewhere. Maybe there is a reef."

"I don't believe it," Chadwick said.

"Let's talk to old Pike," Barton insisted.

"Where's his camp?"

"About 10 miles upstream."

Chadwick grimaced. He wasn't keen at all. As far as he was concerned, the expedition north had been a washout and all he wanted was to get back to Sydney. He was not interested in a mystery reef. "I don't know," he growled.

"You'll have to come with me,"

Barton said curly. "I'm taking the boat."

Chadwick stared at him. Once Barton got an idea in his head he could not be stopped. He sighed — there was nothing much he could do. It was Barton's boat and Barton owned most of the gear.

"Okay," he said reluctantly.

"Jazz?" Chadwick said. "Put look at that!"

Barton tied the boat to a tree stump. He looked up and saw a girl standing outside a tent about 100 yards away. She was dressed in blue jeans, black boots and wore a red nylon shirt which struggled to hold her heavy, rounded breasts. A line of gold buttons glistened in the sun.

"Huh?" Chadwick yelled enthusiastically.

The girl stared at the two men, her handsome face expressionless. She picked up a rifle from inside the tent and walked towards the river.

"What's your name?" Chadwick asked.

"Lisa — Lisa Halliday," she said coldly.

"What are you doing way out here?"

"I'm looking after my grandfather. He's sick, but he won't go into town."

"Where is he?" Barton asked roughly.

"In bed, in the tent," she replied. Barton strode up the track to the tent. He pushed back the flaps and walked inside. A very old man with a weathered face and white hair blinked at him with watery blue eyes. "You remember me Pike," Barton said.

"Yes," the old man quavered.

Chadwick walked in with Lisa.

"Last time I was here you told me about a reef, Pike," Barton said. "a reef loaded with gold. I've been thinking about it. You're too old to do anything with it now, but Chadwick and I could work it for you, say on a 50-50 basis."

The old man lifted his head. He stared at Barton — his eyes wide and vacant. "Big Ben won't let you touch the reef," he said.

"What?" Chadwick queried.

"Big Ben is the croc I told you about," Barton exclaimed untably.

"Oh," Chadwick said. He shrugged.

"Big Ben talks to me," Pike said in a thin voice. "I hear him in the night. He wants nobody near that reef. I haven't troubled him for years, have I, Lisa?"

"No, Grandpa," Lisa said gently.

"Big Ben is the guardian of Pike Halliday's Reef. Nobody will ever touch it while he's there."

Chadwick grimaced. He looked at Lisa. She was serious. Barton scowled.

"Where is the cool, Pike?" Barton asked.

"Not far away," the old man said. "But you forget about it. It's too dangerous to go there."

Chadwick grinned. "Are you satisfied now, Barton?" he asked cynically.

"No — I'm not!" Barton spat back.

Chadwick walked out of the tent. Lisa and Barton followed. "I don't believe there is a roof," Chadwick said. "The old man's mind is wandering."

"You're wrong about that," Lisa said curtly. "Grandpa has talked about it for too many years. I know there is a roof."

"Yeah," Barton agreed. He looked at Lisa strangely. "How about that crew?"

"Grandpa might be imagining that. He's 88 years old now and his memory is confused."

"Yeah," Barton said.

The sun dropped below the hills and the thick, green bush came to life. Lisa took the two men into a bush hut at the rear of the tent. The walls and roof were made from branches thick with leaves. There was an enclosed fireplace in one corner.

She made tea, and afterwards they sat around talking. The horrible lamp flickered and shadows danced against the walls. Barton worked at Chadwick, nodded slightly.

Chadwick turned his lips. Barton wanted to be alone with Lisa. He looked at her and felt a twinge of



"Now just a minute, I distinctly remember you guys saying that hanging was too good for me!"

jealousy. "We'll make camp down at the boat," Barton said pointedly. He stared hard at Chadwick.

"Yeah," Chadwick said. He stood up. "I'll go and unpack the gear."

"Yeah," Barton agreed.

Chadwick walked out of the tent. The moon was shining and the grassy river bank glistened with dew. He unrolled the sleeping bags. Within a

few minutes Chadwick was asleep. Suddenly a rifle shot cracked the still night air. Chadwick jumped to his feet. He looked towards the boat.

Lisa had a rifle in her hands and Barton struggled to take it from her. Her red blouse was ripped down the centre, exposing her breasts. She screamed. Barton clamped his hand over her mouth. The stream cut off into a jungle.

Lisa staggered and fell. Barton picked up the rifle and pumped it empty. He threw the rifle into the bush and ran towards the boat. "Let's get out of here!" he gasped.

Chadwick looked at him. "What did you do to the girl?"

"I'll tell you about it later, come on, let's get moving."

"I'm not going anywhere," Chadwick said grimly.

Barton threw his gear into the boat. He looked at Chadwick. "Old Pike Highway will be coming out of that tent in a minute with a double-barrelled shotgun. He'll blast us to hell if we're still here!"

Chadwick looked anxiously up the slope towards the tent. Sure enough, a lamp had been lit and a shadowy figure could be seen climbing out of bed.

"Okay," Chadwick said quickly. He jumped into the boat. They drifted downstream until they were lost in the darkness. At last they relaxed. Chadwick lit a cigarette and eyed Barton coldly. "Well — what happened?"



"Is that any way to act towards a man who just five minutes ago drank a toast to you, Michael?"

Spring went dry

A PECULIARITY of the country west of the Thompson River (1846), is the manner how springs appear and disappear apparently without rhyme or reason. The waters that drought the more profusely they appear in flood.

During one extreme drought back in 1893, water from a spring on Weberston ran three miles. Then, when the drought broke, the spring simply went dead and refused to function.

These springs are also very touchy; they go their own way and will not tolerate anyone trying to improve them.

Two springs on Weberston station were growing fonder when the manager decided to help them by enlarging the openings and sinking a well. The wells were put down — fairly deep, too — but that was an end to the springs. From that day they ceased to flow.

"That girl knows where the roof is. She's been there. Old Pike took her there years ago when she was a kid. I tried to find out where it is but she wouldn't tell me."

"You tried to make love to her?"

"Yeah — of course," Barton said. "I thought she'd confide in me, but she's too smart for that."

"I would have done a helluva lot more if it hadn't been for old Pike."

Chadwick stared at Barton. He was finding out more about the guy as time passed. He didn't like him at all.

"There's one thing I've found out," Barton went on. "There is a roof. It's not just the figment of an old man's imagination. That roof is up-over somewhere and I'm going to find it."

Chadwick bit his lip. "We've run out of stores," he said. "We can't stay out here."

Barton frowned. "We've got some food left. We can live off the land."

Chadwick shrugged. "Not me," he said.

The boat scraped against the river bank. Chadwick jumped out and made it fast. He unrolled his sleeping bag for the second time and was soon fast asleep.

The sun was shining when Chadwick woke. Birds chattered in the trees, and the river glistened and shimmered in the morning light. Thick, green foliage hugged the banks and small whitepools gurgled around jutting logs.

Chadwick smiled. He sat up, frowning.

Barton was busy at the fire. He held a frying pan over the open flame. "Bacon and eggs," he said. "With compliments from Pike Halliday."

Chadwick looked grim. He walked over to the fire and looked at the frying pan. "How did you do it?" he asked tightly.

"I paid them a visit last night when they were asleep — you were asleep too. I've got enough stores to

last us a couple of weeks. We can stay out here until we find that roof."

Chadwick looked him up. "I don't know about that," he said.

"What's the matter with you?"

Barton growled.

"I reckon we ought to go back down south," Chadwick replied.

"What?" Barton gritted.

"Old Halliday will come after us," Chadwick said. "He'll be real hostile. You tried to steal his roof, rape his grand-daughter and now you've taken his stores."

"I'm not afraid of Halliday," Barton said.

Chadwick was silent. He stared at Barton for a long time. Reluctantly he accepted some bacon and eggs.

When they were finished, Chadwick stood up. He called up his gun and slung his rifle over his shoulder.

"I'm leaving you, Barton," he said. "I've had enough of this business."

"What?" Barton bawled.

"I'm getting out before something really bad happens. I've got a premonition about Pike Halliday's roof."

"Don't be an idiot!" Barton shouted.

Chadwick shrugged. He turned and walked along the river bank.

"Chadwick?" Barton called.

"Yeah?" Chadwick stopped walking. He turned around.

Barton stood over the campfire, rifle in hand. His heavy features were set hard. "You're not going anywhere, Chadwick," Barton said harshly. "I need you. When we find the roof there's going to be a lot of work."

"You threatening me?" Chadwick growled.

Barton fired a shot at Chadwick's feet. The bullet hit the ground a few inches from Chadwick's left foot. "Throw me your rifle!" Barton ordered.

Chadwick stared at Barton for a long time. He looked his lips. Silently, he threw the rifle towards Barton.

Barton caught it in his left hand. He growled. "Now we know where we stand," he said.

The two men got into the boat. Barton started the motor and the bow cut through the still water. He took the boat up all the creeks but there was no sign of any roof.

Two days later Chadwick awoke at Barton. Both men had short black beards. "Have you had enough?" he asked softly.

Barton gritted his teeth. His dark eyes flamed angrily. "I know the roof is somewhere up one of these creeks," he bit out.

"It's like looking for a needle in a haystack," Chadwick said.

Barton clutched his rifle. He had Chadwick's rifle propped near the tiller. He steered the boat through a maze of jutting rocks.

"Let's go back," Chadwick said.

"I'm not going back until I find that gold!"

Chadwick shook his head. He



looked at the thick jungle on each side of the creek — it was an impenetrable wall. Overhead trees blocked the sunlight and there was a musty smell in the air. The creek was deep here and parts of it were covered in green algae. The water was sluggish, slow-moving.

Chadwick frowned. He sniffed the air. "The place stinks," he said.

Barton looked around, his nostrils twitching. "I smell croc," he said. He

work jerked the tiller, but it was too late. The boat crashed into the jagged rocks. Chadwick overbalanced with the shock of impact and he fell into the water. The boat skidded around, motor roaring. It bored into the rocks with its bow splintering.

Chadwick fought his way to the surface and gasped for air. His heavy boots and clothes weighed him down. He floundered around helplessly. The boat was jammed between

the rocks. Slowly, the boat swung around.

Chadwick aimed it and let go. The crocodile half turned, its tail lashing the water. But the sharp bow thrashed into its leathery side. The crocodile dived deep, white foam bubbling all around.

The motor coaxed and strained, then suddenly it was free from the crocodile's hide. Chadwick gasped with relief. The huge crocodile had disappeared. He swam quickly towards the shore.

Suddenly, a rifle bullet slapped into the water in front of him. Chadwick stopped swimming. He jerked his head around.

"You thieving bastard!" Pike Halliday yelled from high up on a rock. He fired again and again at Chadwick. He stood there, old clothes flapping around his skinny frame, a .303 Lee Enfield rifle at his shoulder.

Chadwick dived to escape the bullets. When under cover of a large rock he surfaced. No bullets. He breathed thankfully and scrambled up the bank. He collapsed, panting, behind a large tree.

Suddenly, Chadwick heard a noise behind him. He sat up and stared into the muzzle of old Pike's rifle. Lisa stood next to him, a frown creasing her pretty features.

"We caught you!" Pike Halliday growled. "I know if we waited long enough you'd turn up. Where's that missing partner of yours?"

Chadwick swallowed. He told Pike and Lisa the whole story. They looked at him doubtfully. "I haven't got a rifle. That's poor enough, isn't it?" Chadwick appealed.

Pike examined the boat. "Yeah," he said at last. Lisa nodded.

Chadwick clutched to his feet. He looked around. "Barton must have heard the shots. He's disappeared."

"Yeah," old Pike muttered. "But he left my gold behind. I found this on the reef up there."

He pulled a handful of broken quartz from his pocket. It glittered and sparkled in the sun. Chadwick ran his finger over it. He looked at the old man curiously.

Lisa walked forward and stared at the yellow specks embedded in the white quartz. "What's it worth?" she breathed, face aghast.

Chadwick took her arm and led her down to the river bank. He looked up and saw old Pike standing there, looking the quartz with a far-away look in his watery blue eyes.

"It's iron pyrites," Chadwick said sympathetically. "Peeble gold. The stuff's not worth anything, Lisa."

District of gold

SEVERAL YEARS AGO a Haitian woman was clearing a hen she had purchased in the country and was surprised to find a number of small nuggets of gold in the crop. A similar incident occurred at Yandina Kidi, where two drunks caused a small gold boom. They had been feeding on different parts of a small creek and when their owners killed them gold was found in each bird's gizzard. When none of the two birds from widely spaced parts of the creek spread around the district, a small gold rush started.

Very little gold was found by the workers. The reason might be that the strikes got the gold while dropping in the pool for food.

The experiences of a Brazilian man born this way. He bought a pair of ducks from a farmer on Gold Creek and found specks of gold in the gizzards. He got in touch with the farmer and learned that the ducks usually fed in a small creek where gold had been found many years back but which was considered as being worked out. The ducks had found an isolated spot or two while dropping for food among the weeds in the creek bed.

Good areas are often regarded as probable gold zones by experienced bushmen, who will rarely pass their remains without investigating the possibility of the bird having swallowed a small nugget or perhaps shed it in wandering.

A perfect sulphure was found among the remains of its den, the stone probably having fallen from a nest. Among the bones of another magpie was found part of a dental plate with platinum gran — a find which settled the lucky finder six dollars.

Some years ago a Gympie Kidi boy climbed a tree to look for eggs in a magpie's nest and found a gold ring.

cut the motor and the boat strapped the bank. Barton jumped ashore, holding both rifles.

Chadwick watched him disappear into the jungle. He looked around anxiously. There might be crocodiles in the area, he thought.

He lit a cigarette and waited. Twenty minutes later he heard Barton's excited cry. "That's it, Chadwick! I've found it! That's Pike Halliday's Reef! Bring the boat forward!"

Chadwick started the motor. The bow cut through the green slime. Fifty yards further on the creek widened. Sunlight danced on clear water.

"Over here, Chadwick!" Barton yelled.

Chadwick stood up to see. There was a pile of rocks to the right. Chadwick did not see them. He was too busy looking for Barton.

The boat surged forward. Chad-

wick jerked the tiller, but it was too late.

The boat crashed into the jagged rocks. Chadwick overbalanced with the shock of impact and he fell into the water. The boat skidded around, motor roaring. It bored into the rocks with its bow splintering.

Chadwick fought his way to the surface and gasped for air. His heavy boots and clothes weighed him down. He floundered around helplessly. The boat was jammed between

the rocks. Slowly, the boat swung around. Chadwick aimed it and let go. The crocodile half turned, its tail lashing the water. But the sharp bow thrashed into its leathery side. The crocodile dived deep, white foam bubbling all around.

The motor coaxed and strained, then suddenly it was free from the crocodile's hide. Chadwick gasped with relief. The huge crocodile had disappeared. He swam quickly towards the shore.





Sgt "Red" Murphy had a choice — ride the Italian show jumper through the battleground in the midst of German infantry, remote-controlled tanks and strafing US fighter planes — or die in the POW camp . . .

FACT / CALVIN FREEBURG

THE FOUR German soldiers posted in the heavily fortified sandbag checkpoint along the highway from Rome to Frascati heard the clucking of hooves at the same time.

"Who the hell is that fool?"

asked the lieutenant and leader of the group. "Frascati. Makeham, see who it is."

Makeham, a fair-haired young man from Hamburg, rose from his position and stepped out on to the road. He had been in Italy only 34 hours, having been flown in to reinforce General Kasserling's defense of the Italian capital.

"Who goes there?" he barked, trying to sound older and seasoned. In the darkness, he could see the figure of a man leading a horse. "Who goes there?" he repeated.

The German made out the words *il partano* and *il cavalle* from his high school Italian, and shouted back to the officer that it was a peasant taking his horse to safety.

The lieutenant, a veteran of the North African campaign and the

fierce fighting around Cassino a few months earlier, looking dubious. Perhaps, he knew, recently kept well under cover before an impending battle. He decided to investigate.

The officer approached. As he did so, the short, shabbily dressed figure quickly muttered "That's no farm horse!" the lieutenant screamed loudly, but before he could get his revolver out of his holster the ride was on top of him. The startled lieutenant saw the redheaded man shoot him with the Luger in his hand.

The dug from the weapon tore into his chest, struck the stomach, and exploded. For a brief second, the German officer was conscious of a feeling of burning and ripping and of great sudden scale of pain.

THE WILD W.W.II HORSE RIDE TO SAFETY



Then he was dead.

Whirling the horse quickly, the rider bore down on the retreating figure of the German private and fired twice. A rifle shot from the sandbagged sentry post whistled harmlessly past the rider's head, and he tapped violently on the reins until he had hauled up the horse to slings.

Fortunately for the two remaining German soldiers, they dashed deep on to the sentry-post floor as the stationer leaped the sandbags and roared down the road toward Francis. The rider's two shots lay harmlessly burrowed in the sand-filled canvas bags, less than five inches from one man's head.

Three hundred yards further up the highway, the rider halted his horse and quickly dismounted. He was screaming violently. Not only had he wanted more ammunition than he intended, but he had left two witnesses to alert the whole

exercise yard of the prison camp.

"I'm giving you a chance to accept, Romeo," The Colonel said, translating his nickname into Italian. "All you have to do is ride Florence through the German lines and surrender to the British. They will take care of the million, I assure you, for in 1959 it won't be Wembley 'The Horse of the Year' the last time the competition was held before the war."

"You're got to be kidding," Murphy replied. "Why should I get my head shot off? The Americans will be here in a few days more. Everyone knows that General Kesselring will declare Rome an open city rather than risk its destruction."

"But you love horses," protested the Colonel. "If the Germans retreat from Rome, they will take every available animal they can and butcher them along the way for fresh meat. This station is one of

can't. Nobody will question me when I say you attacked me. You know too much now and might betray me."

Murphy was about to argue that the colonel would never carry out his threat, but the glare, determined expression on the Italian's face told him that he would.

Colonel Farini had been a great rider. His devotion to show jumping and international competition was well known. Under stress, he might very well execute a man who would not act as an animal regarded as one of the best in the world. Just in discussing his plan, he was taking an enormous risk.

Though the camp was certainly run by Italian soldiers who had not surrendered, there were several SS men among the few German officers who supervised administrative.

"You have until three to change your mind," the colonel said, drawing his revolver and cocking the hammer.

"I'll go," Murphy replied before he started the count.

Colonel Farini had given a lot of thought to his plan to save Florence. With the concurrence of an Italian soldier, Murphy was to slip away from a road gang working on the outskirts of Rome, Florence, food, a Lager and some money would be waiting for him in a parked van hidden nearby.

All the American sergeant would have to do is make his way past an unmanned checkpoint to Frascati where the colonel's aide, Countess Teresa Confalonieri Cassati, had a villa. She would hide the sergeant and the horse for the evening. In the morning, he would proceed to Vigonovo and hook up with the British 8th Army troops of Lt. General Sir Oliver Leese, who had already penetrated the Nazi's defense perimeter, nicknamed the Hitler Line.

It was, thought Murphy, seated in the clearing listening to Florence, a beautifully simple plan. The problem was, of course, that it had gone wrong from the very start. The checkpoint had not been unmanned. By morning, every German soldier in the area would be alerted to his whereabouts.

Committed that Florence was undoubtedly rested, Sgt. Murphy rattled the 17-hand horse and led him off toward the Countess Cassati's villa on the outskirts of Frascati. With no trouble, he estimated he would reach it by 3:30 in the morning. Following the back roads which Colonel Farini had outlined on a map.

Colonel Farini had shown a notable lack of skill at map-making. Twice Murphy had hit his way though he followed instructions exactly.

(Continued on page 56)

A slight compensation

THE MEDIUM TREE on broad leaved stringbark is generally considered the most useful tree in the bush, though early settlers struggled back from it for their huts. It will only smoke and amass in a fire.

Its timber is never used for any purpose in the bush. Anyway, it is almost impossible to find one that is not spoiled and twisted. Many of the trees resemble English oaks — short, stout trunks and spreading branches.

Like the English oak, too, it is often infested with mistletoe. A beautiful little purple flowered shrub (in Queensland) borers the mistletoe exclusively.

However, if a good straight one can be found — they are at times — there is nothing better for a jerry job than a mistletoe stick. The wood resists the salt water and it is not attacked by the dreaded termites worms.

A lightning strike a field to either tree, but mistletoes that have been struck by lightning, were found still alive months after, though some branches had died.

German Army around Rome to a redoubled passion on a hope, while some horse.

"Good Lord Almighty," said the colonel, Sgt. "Red" Murphy, in his soft Wyoming accent, "if this ain't the worst damn fix I've ever been in."

Seated there in the clearing, the 28-year-old Murphy was doubly upset by the fact that he had left "a good thing" for the "worst damn fix." Though he could not see the horse, Florence, in the darkness, he could tell by his chewing noises that he was contentedly grazing on the summer grass. Was the animal, he wondered, really worth risking a life for?

Looking back, Murphy admitted that he hadn't been given much of a chance by Colonel Aldo Farini, Commandant of the POW camp where the American had been sent shortly after his capture at Anzio. Murphy recalled the brief, unusual conversation they'd had in the

the greatest horses in the world. His offspring will win prizes all over the world when the war is over."

Murphy started. "I won't ride them, Colonel," he said grinning. "I'm a rodeo rider. Steadily wild horses and an occasional quarter horse — and I've not crazy about either. If they didn't pay me to stay on, I wouldn't bother with it. You're the big international show jumper, or so they tell me. Why don't you ride Florence out?"

"Impossible," the colonel replied firmly. "For one thing, the damn Germans would take reprisals against my family. The stupid took all think they can win the war and signed desertion as criminals. Also, if I were captured, I could be shot for desertion of duty. Not so with you, Roman. They would only send you back."

"I'm not going anywhere," said the Wyoming sergeant.

"Then I'll have to shoot you," warned the colonel. "Don't think I



**SUMMER
DAYS**



SUMMER DAYS

Remember those long summer days
When the warm, sun-drenched glasses of wine
Brought the drowsy afternoon to a close?

When the soft warmth of the last, lingering light
Would coax a quiet restfulness?
Just a few reminders,
But you probably haven't forgotten.



KNOW HER BY HER NOSE

The shape of her nose will tell you her innermost secrets — and how she will shape-up as a partner . . .

FACT / PAUL BROCK



YOUNG, VIRILE MEN who pride themselves on their masculinity have always had to push their way against formidable obstacles, especially in the area of sexual desire. Thus the prominent male nose has always been regarded as a moral battering ram with which to beat down the walls of resistance, especially female.

Virility and big noses went hand in hand for centuries. The ancient Persians permitted only the owners of large noses to play court to royal princesses on the grounds that such men were the most fertile and would perpetuate the royal line. On old Greek coins the most tips of the woman-chasing aristocrats engraved upon them project right to the rim.

The nose of Mohammed, who decreed that a man could have four or even more wives if he could afford them, was phenomenal. It was so curved that the point seemed to be trying to insert itself between his lips. The noses of Frederick the Great and of Emperor Rudolph of Austria were unique in size and shape, reflecting the rugged masculinity and strength of these two stalwarts.

You cannot find a feature, mentally or actually, in famous men endowed with such noses as Shakespeare, Voltaire, Caesar, Petrarch,

Dante, Chaucer and Tennyson. They all had noses like those of the fitted, noble gods.

Some of the greatest heart-thefts of all time deployed their monumental noses aggressively. Mark Anthony, for instance successfully swept Cleopatra off her dainty feet and into the boudoir by turning his handsome, nose-dominated profile towards her. And Rasputin, the mad monk, was worshipped by several Russian beauties even though his hair was ragged, his hands always filthy and his breath bad like his big nose made up for everything.

Even that prince of charmers, Casanova, had his foibles. He was gluttony and had knobbly knees, but he possessed a nose that was not only large, it was crooked too, and seemed to hypnotize his lady friends into eager submission.

Among South Sea Islanders not yet influenced by Western ways the nose is a most important sex symbol and is used as a medium of expression of desire and affection. Tribes swearing everlasting pacts, seal the compact with a nose rubbing of noses against noses. By the same frictional process medicine doctors there will vigorously be loved. Kissing is considered to be dull and uninteresting.

Above: The lovely, blonde actress Janet Leigh, has a short nose and — as most famous others have at before — would be a perfect hot partner.

Sociologists, however, insist on applying the word "kiss" to both nose-rubbing and lip-contact. They call the South Sea Islander's nose routine the olfactory or "sniff" kiss. This type of kiss is popular even in parts of Europe — among the Laplanders and the Russian Yakuts, both of Asiatic racial heritage. It is the predominant form of kiss in Asia, Africa, Polynesia and other parts of the world.

There are interesting variations of the olfactory kiss, but a typical form is practised in three phases: (1) the nose is applied to the cheek of the person kissed, (2) there is a long nasal stimulation accompanied by the lowering of the eyelids, (3) nose is rubbed against nose and is followed by a slight smacking of the lips without the mouth touching.

Among people who practise the olfactory or nose embrace instead of saying to the loved one kiss me, it is the custom to say in the native vernacular, smell me.

Many celebrated artists estimate that the length of the nose on both males and females should be a third of the length of the face, from the

up of the chin to the roots of the hair. Nearly all artists prefer to depict large noses rather than small ones.

A broken nose these days does not necessarily mean disfigurement in a man or a beauty handicap in a woman. Some faces are actually improved in appearance after a broken nose. It was said of Ian Fleming, author of the James Bond stories, that, before he broke his nose at school his looks were so overwhelmingly perfect that other students laughed at him. He looked a darn sight better off with a broken nose.

Some people have their noses broken deliberately and end on a higher plane altogether — actors and actresses, models, famous beauties, even the girl next door if she figures her proboscis isn't sexy enough. In fact the US is having a boom in rhinoplasty — plastic surgery of the nose. About one million Americans already have had their noses reshaped. One New York surgeon does 10 such operations daily.

Storck doctors tell about reshaped noses that changed patients' sex lives around almost like fiction. One Chicago surgeon followed the storybooks by marrying his Pygmalion creation. A girl who was allowed to choose her graduation gift asked for the one thing she had wanted all her life — a sexy new nose.

A man and a woman celebrated their 25th wedding anniversary with a party introducing the wife's new nose. "Doctor," the husband said, "you have given me a new, warm and passionate sex partner."

Nose surgery techniques have been developed that leave no scars, all cutting being done inside the nostrils. Plastic surgeons take up the study of painting and sculpture to make the nose fit the features.

Discovery a few years ago of a method of preserving cartilage from a fresh corpse simplified the work. Tantalum, a metal used for making skull patches, has also been found excellent for making nose bridges.

Trimming off a hump in a nose, reducing its width or cutting off a tip is a comparatively simple operation these days. Patients are given only mild sedation and a local anesthetic. The operation takes little more than 30 minutes but building up a disfigurement nose takes longer.

Patients are hospitalized 24 hours and dressed with a bit of flesh-colored adhesive over the nose. They feel no pain during the operation and very little afterwards.

(Continued on page 78)



ABOVE

This dark-haired beauty has a broad nose and an sweet but affectionate, sexy and a great adviser of the male sex.

BELOW

This narrow-nosed Norwegian and knows the value of her looks, and can be selfish in her relationship with men.



HE'D NEVER HURT A FLY

He was a devil, a dangerous devil...and an electronic genius. But when it came to murder...

FICTION / J. EDWARD BROWN

IT WAS ONE of our job assignments at the Technical Institute. At the end bench two men were calibrating an attenuator in decibels; at the center bench, two more were experimenting with a klystron and an oscilloscope, investigating modes.

Jim and I were doing aerial radiation tests with a parabolic reflector aerial, or we would be when we got the 1 cm wave guide pieces together.

"I'm going to murder the instructor," Jim said casually.

We were on the booze every night and I never could concentrate in the morning. "What?" I said stupidly.

"I'm going to murder the instructor," Jim repeated evenly.

I looked at Jim in his blue jacket, his merchant navy tie. "It would be more appropriate to murder the woman who makes the tea in the cafeteria," I said.

"I'm serious."

"So am I. Fear a cup of hot tea down Mr. Ruth's throat and he will disintegrate."

There were six of us, all ship's radio operators, doing a 12-week course to get our radar maintenance tickets. We could all maintain radars, but we didn't have the necessary piece of paper which would mean a few more dollars a month.

The shipping company was paying all our expenses and we were on full salary while we were ashore. It was sort of a working holiday, but damned hard work.

"How are you going to do it?"

"Electronically would be the most apt. And amidst all this electronic equipment it should be easy enough to electrocute him accidentally."

"The Institute has taken trouble to make sure that all the equipment is as safe as possible."

"Ah, safe as possible—but there's always the possibility of an accident."

"Death rays," I suggested. "You could burn his guts out with concentrated radio frequency power from one of those experimental parabolic pencils."

"Possible, but it has to be high powered radar and we don't have that at the Institute."

Jim was an Australian with an Australian accent, not a highly regarded certificate in the marine world. He was only five foot tall, but aggressive as many small men are. Things happened to him.

Yesterday we were standing in a group in the bar of our hotel, as we always did before lunch, drinking beer. Jim was ogling a nice looking girl, sitting with a young man. Maybe

they had come into the bar to escape. The Technical Institute was in a depressing area.

The local mayor ran a grocery store and was photographed among, of all things, the cashiflowers. At lunch time there were young men in overalls from the car assembly factories, Maori girls from the cigarette factories, buying hamburgers and fish and chips.

Jim went over and started talking to the girl, ignoring her boy friend. The boy friend stood up, towered menacingly over Jim and asked him drunkenly if he wanted to fight.



"I don't want to fight," Jim said *weakly*.

The bloke made a wild swing. Jim ducked and the bloke fell over the table, broke the glasses and liquor spilt on the floor. Somebody hustled him out. Jim sat down and had a drink with the girl.

Jim was laughing when he came into lunch. "She asked me if I'd like to go to a party this afternoon."

"You should have taken the afternoon off," I said obviously.

"Maybe I should have," Jim said.

"It must have given you heart that you hadn't lost the touch in your

short time when I mean, go into a bar and in five minutes you make a pick up."

"Lost the touch? Hell!" he said.

"If I'd been at sea and in top form I would have taken that bloke out to the lavatory, beaten him up and then taken the girl."

The complex of prefab temporary buildings was dominated by the massive radar scanner atop its steel tower. The pattern on the radar screen never changed because we were always stationary. There was always the buildings of the Technical

Institute, the pub 100 yards away, reflections from the suburban bungalows, not the sort of thing normally seen on a ship's radar screen.

"What are you two plotting?" Mr Keith, the extractor, asked as he walked down the lecture room. He was a man of 60, his white dust coat dirty.

"We were talking about the theory of waveguides," Jim said dissembling. "The man who designed this equipment must have been very clever."

"It's all done mathematically."

"But the original research."



Mystery wrecks

TWO FINE SHIPS, each carrying a large number of passengers, were lost under similar conditions within two years of each other early this century. In 1908 the SS Waverly sailed on her maiden voyage from Australia to Britain by the Cape route. She disappeared in stormy weather northeast of the Cape. No bodies were picked up or any wreckage sighted by searching vessels.

But two years later, in 1910, one of the Waverly's lifeboats, empty, was found floating south of New Zealand. It was the only thing ever found from her.

In late March, 1911, the SS Yongala, a coastal vessel, left Mackay, North Queensland, for ports north. She sailed into a tropical cyclone which became very intense.

She never reached Townsville. But some wreckage and a drowned seaman were washed up south of Townsville.

"Ah yes, that was something. Those were the days," Mr Keith said wistfully. He had told us how he had helped with the original development of radar in Britain in the 1940s.

We had occasional lectures from other sections of the Institute but mostly it was Mr Keith. He boomed us day after day, lecturing, catechising us. He was no lovable Mr Chips. He never relaxed. He set us test papers and he marked them brutally. He abused us, shouted at us, told us we were idiots, that we didn't know anything. And he always looked directly at me.

I had no confidence in myself. I was shy with people, and of course my job didn't help me, being alone so much. I'm a foot 2 inches, impressive, maybe. But ship's captains rode roughshod over me. I never objected. I was the type of bloke they said would never hurt a fly.

I wanted to stand up to Mr Keith. Even if he was the instructor, he had no right to be abusive. He'd ask a question, I'd attempt an answer. And then he would laugh. And the class would laugh with him. I knew my answer wasn't very coherent, and usually not even accurate, but there was no need to laugh. I was doing my best.

From 8 am to 5 pm five days a week we studied. We were expected to work for several hours every night. Actually we had to, or I had to, just to keep up with the relentless pace of his lecturing.

Mr Keith fussed a lot, insisted on checking our experimental set-ups before we switched on. But we were all radio operators with years of experience.

"Be best if you knocked Mr Keith off on the last day, after we have done the examination, after we have washed him dry of knowledge," I said. But this was in the first week of

the course, before I began really to hate Mr Keith.

I hadn't touched theory books for a long time and it was hard shopping for me. Jim was different. He was a wizard on a slide rule, he'd whip out his miniature job, which he always carried, just to calculate how much it cost him to buy his morning and afternoon tea.

"If he gets shocked electrically we'd probably be expected to get

him mouth-to-mouth resuscitation," I said gloomily.

"I wouldn't object to giving the office girl mouth-to-mouth resuscitation," Jim said.

I'd heard about Jim, but never met him before his course. They called him the Lothario of the fleet. He was popular, all the things I wasn't.

"So when are you going to murder him?" I asked.

"When the opportunity offers, which could be during the next experiment. I've got to get the mains voltage on to his body somehow."

"Have you ever murdered a man before?"

"No, there have been a few ship's captains I would have liked to murder, but I never had the courage."

"And you have now?"

"Killing the instructor will be an interesting technical problem."

"Mr Keith will be too cunning to put his hands on anything that might blow with voltage."

"He's been instructing for years. Familiarity breeds contempt. And we're not his usual students doing basic electronics. We are experts



"Mr's backy in town, too . . . that's not his wife . . ."



¹⁰ "We've had the whole place modernized."

himself. He's probably releasing a little. He doesn't have to be extra watchful as he would be with kids."

"Why tell me all about it. Why not do it alone?"

"It's more fun if somebody else knows."

Age Group	Percentage of Respondents
18-29	75%
30-39	65%
40-49	55%
50-59	45%
60-69	35%
70-79	25%
80+	25%

"Nobody will be able to oppose it."

Turn and check out:

Jim reckoned he knew more than the instructor and could have set for the examination without doing the course. I belated him. He was an electronics wizard. He was not only a professional radio operator, he was also an amateur radio operator, a ham, contacting other enthusiasts all over the world. We thought he was mad. To be a radio operator in your spare time was not also ridiculous.

His room at the hotel was full of bits and pieces of electronic gear. He had blocks of solder all over the carpet, which didn't endear him to the maid. He had an amateur radio set there and he had strung up an aerial and he spent most of his nights talking into a microphone or pounding on a Morse key. A real radio nut.

"Leave the instructor into your room," I suggested. "You should be able to electrify him without any trouble." He had so many wires strung around it would be easy.

We were mostly the only guests in the hotel, which was a depressing place. The hotel was old. The floors in the passages sagged, but the building's real purpose was to sell beer, and the bars on the ground floor did a roaring trade.

The only reason we stayed there was because it was handy to the

Institute The hotel actually discouraged guests because they were too much trouble, there was more profit in selling beer.

It was certainly different to being at home.

Jim had built an electronic loss meter which measured how much of a lover you were on a graduated dial. It depended for its operation on the resistance between a pair of lips. The less the resistance the greater the deflection. He had the scale graduated LOUSY - BAD - GOOD - EXCELLENT - WOW.

It baffled me I would never have thought of building such a gadget. But for somebody like Jim it wasn't unusual!

I must admit some of these
persons with the knee major had the
makings of an egg. There was no
shortage of women wanting to run
the war line out on it.

The band always gave a WOW reaction no matter who she kissed - except me. I had a go on the hamster with several girls. But I never got any reaction except LOUISY with any of them. I wet my lips to reduce the resistance, but it never made any difference. The word was very understanding and tried to help me with lots of questions.

Jim laughed at me. That's when I started to hate him too.

I'd never been much of a success with girls. I was no sailor with a girl in every port, I was lucky to have a girl anywhere. But Jim, no matter who he kissed, always got a WDW reaction. He didn't have any trouble with girls.

"You've got it rigged," I said.

"No," I haven't. You've seen other people trying it out. They all get various infections."

"But none of them except me got a LOUSY reaction!"

Free shoulder and leg shoulders

Jim was lucky, he had more time for these activities than I did. I had to study at night, just to keep up with the course work. Jim did the majority of writing work.



"If you could do that on camera, you'd be one of the world's great athletes."

But Jim said he felt happier at sea, it kept him away from women and booze. He spoke nostalgically of trips from Vancouver to Shanghai — the long way around via Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope. I didn't know whether to believe him or not.

I wished I was as attractive to women as he was. They liked him. He had to keep brushing them off. Maybe they wanted to mother him, but he certainly didn't want to be mothered.

However, apparently none of these activities provided him with enough excitement. He had to murder a man.

normal. I mean, you just don't go around murdering people. Do you? They say it was that all radio operators are crazy. Ship's deck officers say radio wasn't used. Radio operators. Maybe they are right. Maybe some of us are crazy.

A sea-going radio operator, because of his job, is a solitary type. He sits alone in his radio cabin with his equipment — I'm talking now about single operator cargo ships, there aren't many ships which carry more than one radio operator. He has time to brood in the lonely stretches of eight-hour watches with little to do except send an occasional message.

for fishing. We all went out with him and we caught nothing. He at least caught one fish which he fed to the hotel cat. He reckoned it was the most expensive fish in the world — \$1500 worth.

He was never still, he was always twitching, drumming his fingers, tapping out morse code, unconsciously.

The next afternoon in one of our practical sessions Mr Keith introduced deliberate faults on a radar set so we could exercise our skill at fault finding. Jim said he couldn't find the fault and the instructor looked at the set and started poking with a screwdriver.

Many radio men have been killed accidentally by putting their hands on components with the power turned on. Jim deliberately turned on the high tension, several hundred volts, leaving the equipment. He almost got Mr Keith, but the instructor was too quick.

"Sorry," Jim said.

And the instructor looked at Jim reproachfully.

"I'm going to electrocute him by remote control," Jim said after that. "Wire up his chair in his office, press a switch and electrocute him by radio."

Jim constructed a radio transmitter, a miniature job which he could put in his pocket, and made a receiver.

"What frequency are you using?" "17.130 MHz," he said. "In the Industrial Scientific and Medical band. I wouldn't want to be accused of illegal transmission," Jim said with a grin.

We had a key to the lecture room in case we wanted to study at night. One night Jim picked the lock to Mr Keith's office and installed the receiver and wired the chair to the 230 volt mains, which is standard house voltage in this part of the world.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, Mr Keith was an untidy man, books, papers, pieces of under equipment littered the floor and the desk and it was easy to conceal wiring. When he pressed the switch of the transmitter the receiver would pick up the signal, a relay would close and the chair would become alive.

Jim made me witness, he carried the transmitter around in his pocket. He'd take it out, look at it and grin at me, expressing it from time to time.

But Jim didn't press the switch, at least not while Mr Keith was in his office.

(Continued on page 72)

Living barometers

IT IS CLAIMED by people living along the Barrier Reef that they can tell when a cyclone is about to strike the coast by the action of the Torres Strait (or Murray) penguins.

These birds come south to feed and breed among the reefs on the east coast, arriving in November and departing in March, the period roughly corresponding with the cyclone season. When the birds leave the islands and fly inland beyond the coastal strip, the northerners predict a blow.

Another living barometer is a small crab with peculiar pebbish symptoms on the circumference of the shell. These marks are said to darken from pink to a dark brown when the weather changes for the worse. The trouble seems to be to see the crab at the right time.

I wondered if I should warn the instructor, but it was none of my business, though I did wonder vaguely if after the deed was done I might not be charged with being some sort of an accomplice. I wished I was back at sea myself.

I had been ordered by the company to come on the course. Most of its radio officers had radar certificates, but I had only just scraped through the examination for my operator's ticket. And I doubted if I'd make the one.

I wondered why Jim hadn't got one before. He was good technically. He asked intelligent questions and Mr Keith looked on Jim with a benign eye.

On the first day of the course Mr Keith covered the blackboard with long equations, talking rapidly. He left me well behind. I was not very good at mathematics.

"Haven't you left out a set of brackets there in the middle," Jim said.

The instructor looked at the formula with a frown. "By Jove, I have."

I asked Jim why he hadn't got one and he said he'd never had the time. And he winked at me.

I wondered if Jim was completely

Many aging marine radio operators do keep to themselves, living in a world entirely their own. But Jim wasn't withdrawn, he hadn't turned sour, he wasn't old enough for that. He was a little unworried, as many ship officers are. When we came ashore we ate last.

The six of us didn't like living ashore, and Jim seemed to counter it by phantasmic activity. He was never still. He was always looking for jokes.

One night we all went to the Purple Ocean, a strip joint, but Jim didn't come. He was too busy talking to a harem in Tibet. I suppose he could go to the Purple Ocean any night, but to contact an amateur radio operator in Tibet was something very rare indeed.

Jim brought himself a car. But he soon again showed how a sailor's gear takes in by short walls. After a week he decided it wasn't fast enough so he traded it in on a sports car model and lost \$300 on the first car. A month later he traded the second car in for a still faster model, and lost another \$300 on that. He got a little better about it.

Then he bought a boat, a barebones runabout with a big outboard, more of a speedboat than anything else, although he wanted it



They have to buy a bride

Many Irishmen in the country areas of their homeland are rejoicing in their bachelor-born freedom. But often it is not because of the lack of matchmaking . . .

FACT / STANLEY WAINWRIGHT

IN RURAL IRELAND, men are not expected to chase girls when courtship begins. The preliminaries are carried out by a matchmaker. Courting and wooing have to wait until he and the two fathers fix the price of the bride in real estate, farm stock and hard cash.

For rural Ireland is the place where brides aren't wooed — they're bargained for, and in the bargaining process, world-famous Irish sentiment is needed.

Any Saturday in an Irish market town is the day for such deals. Livestock are being herded from one place to another, and grunted Irish farmers are haggling over the cost of pigs, cows and frightened sheep.

But inside the town, usually within a small inner room beyond a blackened door, the farmers employ identical techniques in the buying and selling of women. At a tavern near Oldcastle, County Cavan, I ordered 10 pints of foaming porter and carried them on a tray to the "barroom."

"A drink for every man in the room," I announced, when they opened the door. They wheeled me around and helped themselves, closed the door again and allowed me to sit through the solemn proceedings.

There were nine men in the room, four on each side of a porter-soaked table, and one at its head. He was Johnny Lynch, the local matchmaker. The others were the two fathers of the man and woman destined for matrimony, and their sons or nearest male relatives.

Everybody's speech was thick as treacle, for this particular economic conference had been going on for five hours.

"Three hundred and fifty pounds and not a penny less," a spokesman for the bridegroom was saying. "It's

a good farm she's getting, and the running of it without interference, and a good steady man in Michael."

"Two-fifty." The opposite spokesman gulped his drink while mulling the meaning of the opposition. "Mary's a fine, rosy-cheeked girl," he shouted, sending both flying from his mouth. "A better baker you wouldn't find in the whole of Ireland."

"To the devil with all of ye — why don't we split the difference and make it 300." It was Johnny the matchmaker doing his best to earn his fee of five foot, beans and lodging during the period of the negotiations. A matchmaker does not receive payment in cash.

The first spokesman took a long swig at his glass, slapped his big hand down on the table and offered, "All right, if she's all you say she is, we'll settle for 300."

"But first we'll walk the land," the other replied. "If it's to our liking Mary can have him, and all the best to the pair of 'em!"

After a final round of porter — compliments of the management — they walked out. A week later, Mike and Mary were married with scarcely any mutual preliminaries.

In the Irish countryside such matchmaking is the accepted thing when inheritance of property is involved. It is a contract-marriage arranged by the parents or families of the marrying parties, and takes care of the disposal of land, farm buildings and livestock.

When a farmer thinks it is time for him to take it easy and let one of his sons take over, he selects that son and makes him heir to the farm. Only one son is settled on the land. He gets the farm and a wife who has to live up to the rural Irish saying: "Sure you're a powerful woman!" —

which means she looks strong enough to feed chickens, milk cows, fetch water, cook and clean without any labor-saving devices, and at the same time bear untamed children.

As for the farmer's other sons, they have two alternatives — emigration or bachelorhood for the rest of their lives. This is because marriageable colliers are getting mighty scarce on the Gold Coast. They are fast becoming non-existent in the country districts.

Travel 100 miles through Sligo, Donegal, Leitrim and Roscommon in the West of Ireland and it's unlikely you'd see a single girl with that famous milk-white skin, coal-black hair and blue eyes loaded to match down the centuries by Irish poets and bards.

The women you would see would be either too old or too young for the eligible men. The marriageable colliers has become a product labelled for export only. The countryside has been losing its girls over the past years at the rate of a couple of thousand a year, and the drain has been going on steadily for 30 years.

The colliers sail from the land of their birth to the British cities of Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow and London. As factory workers, waitresses, bus conductresses and house helps they soon make men friends, meet men and get married. Rarely do they return to the Emerald Isle.

Behind them they leave thousands of bachelors who become reconciled to their fate.

The farm sons may not burn quite so brightly or so cleanly and the drapes often fall down before they are washed, but the Irish bachelor of today gradually learns to appreciate his freedom.

(Continued on page 70)





SEE ROME

The girl and the gangsters turned Jardine's brief Roman holiday into a nightmare . . .
FICTION / MIKE RADER

JARDINE TIPPED the porter and entered the room. He kicked the door shut behind him and threw off his coat. He crossed to the window and pushed open the shutters.

Below, the narrow street was shadowy. He detected sockets of the windows opposite and his gaze Occasionally an angry Fiat buzzed over the ancient stones. Somewhere in the distance, bells were clanging above the sounds of Rome and the roar of traffic which never seemed to cease.

He closed the shutters and, as he undressed, looked around at the opulent decor of the room. The company, as usual, had booked him the best room in the best pub. It was his second visit to the Eternal City. This time, he had three days to kill before he flew out to Sydney.

As he walked towards the bathroom door he congratulated

himself on closing the deal in London. It had been hard getting that contract signed, but now it was over and he had three days to see the sights, explore the Via Veneto, do the rounds of the clubs.

He stopped his fingers gripping the door handle. The shower was running.

Quietly he opened the door and stepped on to the tiles. The shower was turned off and the curtains parted.

Two pairs of eyes met. His, wide and filled with instant admiration. Hers, dark and flashing with fear. Jardine's gaze was distracted. It moved from her face, gleam, soft, timeless, followed the perfect lines of her neck, catching a sweep of lustrous black hair, down to discover the impeccable body. Her skin was deeply tanned, her breasts full and firm, the nipples glistening with

water. He traced the taut treads of water coursing down over her belly, among her exquisite hips before the shower curtain swept up to obscure her waist.

Jardine didn't believe in miracles. Mistaken, yes. But not miracles!

"I - must have been given the wrong room."

The girl did not speak. Her eyes searched his.

"I'll get you a towel," he offered. "Americano?" Her voice was soft, husky, very Italian.

"Australian," he grinned. "Pete Jardine. And you?"

"Never mind." Her eyes flashed. "Yes, I would like the towel."

Jardine reached for it, suddenly very aware of his own nakedness. He draped a second towel around himself.

"You're staying in this room?"

"No. Rome -" she began.



AND DIE

From the door of the hotel room came a thunderous knocking. Jardine saw the girl's sudden fear and panic.

"For you?" he guessed.

"Please — help me," she begged.

"Help you?" Jardine echoed.

"Quick!" She fled from behind the curtain, dropping the towel. She grasped his wrist, dragging him towards the bed. She pulled back the sheets.

"Get in," she breathed. Jardine was beside her, pulling the sheet up over them. Her face was only inches from his, her lips parted.

"Kiss me."

Jardine bent his head and their lips met. Beneath the sheet their bodies were locked together.

The door burst open. The two policemen looked apologetic.

"Excuse," the senior man lowered his revolver. "We look for criminal."

Jardine, tightening his embrace of the girl, keeping her face buried in his chest, forced himself to smile.

"Okay. Go ahead."

The younger officer crossed to the

bathroom, returning seconds later to shake his head. The senior officer gave a polite bow to Jardine.

"Excuse."

The door closed and Jardine fell back against the pillows. The girl's body was pressed firmly against him, and his fingers stroked her soft hair.

"I think they're gone," he whispered.

She looked up, her eyes filled with gratitude. "Thank you." She lifted her lips to his, kissing him for a long minute, then drawing away.

As she stood up he caught his breath. Her figure was utterly astounding, agonizingly beautiful.

She moved to the bathroom, returning with a handful of panties, bra and frock. He watched her dress, studying the long legs and lithe body.

He, too, got up and sat on the edge of the bed.

"Who are you?" he asked. "Why are the police looking for you?"

"No. I cannot tell you. You must not become involved."

Jardine lit a cigarette and tossed

her the pack. "Involvement?" he laughed. "I am involved."

She returned his smile. She sat beside him, one hand around his back, her fingers cool against his skin.

"I am Gina Cavelli. My father was Dr. Emilio Cavelli. He was very famous, very wealthy."

Jardine raised an eyebrow. "So why the police?"

"My father is dead. The Mafia kill him. Yesterday. They wanted him to work for them. He refused. He said he would go to the police. The Mafia make it look as if I am guilty. Now the police are searching Roma. They must have seen me enter the hotel."

"Hardly you can prove your innocence?"

"Perhaps," she shrugged, inhaling smoke. "If I can get back to our house. You see, I took a photograph of a man called Gradenko when he killed my father. I was in the next room. If I can get the photograph to the police they will believe me. But this is not your affair."



"Boy, it sure jumped that time, didn't it?"

"Try me." He handed her check and got up. "I'll get dressed and come with you."

"No," she protested.

Jardine ignored her. "Pass that up," he ordered.

Cautiously they stepped from the room into the corridor. Gina, her frock clinging to her curves, revealing generous cleavage, looked from side to side. In the distance they could hear voices and humming on other doors.

"To the roof," she whispered. "We can get over to the next building from up there."

Jardine followed her. A flight of stairs led out on to the roof garden where tables beneath gay umbrellas overlooked the Roman Forum. It was too early for lunch on the area was still deserted.

Gina hurried across to the low wall. Beyond was the next roof, a gentle slope of cobbles rising leading to a door in what Jardine presumed was an attic.

The west of a police area reached them from the street below. Keeping flat, they crossed the roof. Gina's tight frock rode up, revealing the young, tanned flesh of her thighs. In three minutes they had gained the door. Jardine tested it, found it unlocked and pushed it open.

They hurried down the stairs of the old office building. No one questioned their presence and soon they were stepping out on to the street.

Gina hailed a taxi. "Viale Serpenti."

Jardine felt the girl press close to him as the taxi hurried along. The driver burst into song, oblivious of the other Pair which darted around them. They passed through an

uninterrupted succession of narrow alleyways which opened out on to broad piazzas, then were swallowed again by long dark streets of shuttered coffee buildings.

Suddenly they were crossing up the broad sweep of the Via Vittorio Veneto, past the street cafes, grand hotels and elegant boutiques. In contrast to the muted warmth of streets below, a broad tree-lined avenue led them up to the Piazza Gardens, to a hill overlooking the entire city of Rome sprawling in the morning sun, a patchwork of dark greens, ochres, ancient red and brown.

Jardine looked out over the view. Then he settled down at the warmly anonymous girl beside him, vividly recalling her naked body had against his, chilled in that instant by the almost unthinkable threat to her life and all this beauty. How could it be possible?

The taxi turned down a small lane between stone walls clad with vines. Gina got out, taking his hand, walking down through the garden to the magnificent villa.

"My home," she said simply as they entered the cool hallway. Jardine looked from side to side. The place had been furnished with a taste which obviously ran into many millions of lire.

Gina ushered him into a study



"And don't give us 112 with the leaky faucet or 213 with the wireless that strikes . . ."

Comforts of home

WHEN FARMING was done by hand, the men asked their horses. Some farmers in the cooler parts used to make rugs by sewing old sacks together. They probably gave the animals a lot of comfort during the cold nights.

When mosquitoes were bad, farmers used to light fires against dry old stumps and logs in the evening before the horses were turned out to graze. Smothered with lively insects as they burned up, the flies smoked freely and drove the insects away for at least a few hours.

The horses appreciated the fires and stood around them during the night.

She snatched up behind a vase of flowers set in a wall alcove and produced a miniature camera. Jardine saw the triumphant expression on her face change to one of horror. He swung around.

"I see you have come back. I thought you would." The man was big, like an ape, his glowering eyes and curly lips dominating the ugliness of his features. Two men were with him in the doorway. They wore flashy suits and rings glinted on their fingers.

"Grammi!" Gine pressed back against the wall.

Grammi's gun swung from the girl to Jardine.

"Who are you?" he snapped.

"My name is Jardine. I'm an Australian."

The other man shrugged. "He's too bad you come here. And now, Gine... the camera."

"No!" She was wild eyed.

Jardine took a step towards Gine but was restrained.

Grammi gave orders. "The man up. I want no trouble with him."

Jardine struggled but the two men knew their business well. Soon his hands were bound behind his back and he was thrust back into the corner. He watched as Grammi waved the gun threateningly.

"You are a fool, Gine. Give me the camera."

Gine hesitated, then threw the camera to the big man. He caught it effectively and exposed ugly teeth.

"Now you are being sensible. You know," he walked across to her, "we could have become very good friends."

He pocketed the camera and scooped Gine close to himself. She tried to break loose, but his arm held her like a vice. His lips stifled her scream.

Suddenly Grammi ripped away her back, barring her body, tearing off her bra. The other man laughed.

"Perhaps your friend in the corner would like to see you in action. You are very attractive, you know."

"Get to hell," challenged Jardine.

Gine watched as Grammi's hands moved over her. They caressed her breasts and she screamed. Jardine dove forward. One of the men raised a hand to strike him.

The police were sudden, close. Grammi froze before calling out.

"Get them out the back way! To the lower road!"

Grammi grabbed Gine, who clutched her torn frock around herself. A pin jabbed into Jardine's ribs and he ran with them from the villa, down a winding path through the garden. A wooden gate set in the high stone wall opened on to the

road where the big black car waited.

Jardine was bundled on to the floor at the back beside Gine. Grammi sank back into the seat, holding his gun at their heads. Jardine heard the front doors slam and the powerful engine roar into life.

Looking up through the window, Jardine saw trees pass overhead. After a while he saw buildings flash by. The heavy sounds of traffic told him they were again driving through the heart of Rome.

Eventually the big car stopped. At gunpoint he was dragged out and forced into a shadowy doorway. Gine, shaking with fear, was heated out and thrown into the shadows beside him. Grammi produced a key and led the way inside.

"Take up the girl," he shouted. "We'll keep them here for a while."

The two men obeyed, and then — at another command — escorted their prisoners down a winding staircase to a dark cellar. Jardine first was thrust into the gloom. Gine followed, and the wooden door slammed. Beyond it, a heavy bolt slid into place.

Gradually their eyes became accustomed to the darkness. The cellar was small.

(Continued on page 78)



"Ever I'm your new singer from across the neighbor, can I borrow a cup of hell?"



BATTLE OF BROKEN BRIDGE

The battle for a broken bridge across the Taemyong River, North Korea, in 1950, was the Australian Army's first since World War II. It was a victory not because of the enemy it destroyed, but because of the lives it saved.

FACT/MICHAEL YOUNG

THE LATE AUTUMN NIGHT was windy and cold, and the Australian soldiers in their hastily-dug foxholes were kept awake as much by the chill as by the harassing enemy fire shoving their heads. Through the night, the diggers of B Company, 3 RAR, heard sporadic bursts of enemy fire all along the front, and at about 4 am there was a tremendous blast of mortar, machine-gun and rifle fire. Afterwards, for a while, there was a silence over the little battlefield.

Two privates were sharing one of B Company's forward foxholes, and one of them took advantage of the lull in the action to take a short nap.

His mate kept watch while he curled up against the cold earth and dropped off to sleep with his rifle across his knees.

A little while later something apparently disturbed the sleeper because he woke suddenly. He shook himself and stared around in the darkness.

"Just had a funny dream," he muttered. "I dreamt there was a tank at the bottom of the hill."

"Take a look at that, sport," invited his mate, and drew back the foxhole's heavy screen of camouflage.

The sleepy soldier looked and a

yeoman died on his lips. Down the slope from their foxhole was an open, steep-sided valley between two ridges. And there, right at the foot of the slope, looking huge and black in the dim light, was a Russian-built T-34 tank. The dark moving figures of a protecting screen of infantry soldiers surrounded it.

As the two Australians watched and listened, they heard a faint voice inside the tank. The next moment, there was a dull bang and a sheet of flame as the tank's gun opened fire.

For the next couple of hours, they and their mates in the other forward foxholes hugged the ground

while the tank commander shouted his orders and the big gun fired into the hillside at random.

The lone attack by the tank in the night-time was one of many incidents which constituted the Australian Army's first set-piece battle since the end of World War 2 — the Battle of Broken Bridge. As battles go, it was a very small one. But its tactical results were extremely important, and, as it turned out, one of its strategic results was absolutely vital.

The date was October 26, 1950. The broken bridge was on the Taeyong River in North Korea, about 60 miles south of the frontier of Chinese Communist-occupied Manchuria. The diggers of 3 RAR were a part of the British Commonwealth Brigade which was one of the spearhead formations of the United Nations forces fighting for South Korean independence.

The Korean War had begun four

months of the United Nations Security Council.

On June 26, US air and sea forces in the North Pacific area were directed to assist South Korea. On June 27, the Security Council voted to provide active help for the South Koreans, and on the next day the member States of the UN — including Australia — were asked what help they could send.

Australia was one of the first nations to offer help. On June 29 two RAN warships in Japanese waters were placed at the disposal of the United Nations. On July 1, RAAF Mustang fighters based on occupied Japan escorted American bombers on raids over North Korea. It was announced on July 26 that Australia would be sending ground troops to fight alongside the Americans and British there.

Two regular battalions of the Royal Australian Regiment had been

Korean peninsula, after having captured the capital city of Seoul. They were on the point of striking out for Pyongyang, the North Korean capital. To the Australians, it looked as if the war would be over in a few more weeks.

On September 26, 3 RAR joined two British battalions, the Anglia and Sutherland Highlanders and the Middlesex Regiment, which were engaged in mopping-up operations in a rear area. Together the three battalions formed the 27th British Commonwealth Brigade.

In their first few days of patrolling, the Australians captured or destroyed a number of dumps of enemy stores. They had their first casualties when the 2IC of C Company and his driver were blown up in their jeep by a mine. On October 5, the Commonwealth Brigade was shifted north to the Seoul area to join the Americans in the coming invasion of North Korea.

Supported by American tanks and artillery, the brigade made a wide sweep on the flank of the advance to meet the US 8th Cavalry Regiment at the town of Kumsong. The British and Australian soldiers had to slog their way up narrow river valleys between thickly-wooded mountains, blasting away pill-box emplacements and cutting off North Korean stragglers.

In the next stage of the advance, the United Nations forces moved so fast that in some places they became involved in traffic jams with the retreating communist forces.

Major I. B. Portman, MC, the 2IC of 3 RAR, ran into a long column of North Korean infantry and bluffed them into surrender by telling them that they were surrounded. That night, one company of Australians ended up taking 1582 prisoners.

The Commonwealth Brigade fought a swirling, fierce action near the town of Yungyu, where they had to break through to relieve a stranded US perimeter unit. After a tank attack and an Australian bayonet charge the communists were driven out on to open paddy fields where they lost about 150 men killed and 239 captured.

By this time the North Koreans had been driven back almost to the Manchurian border. The Commonwealth Brigade's next task was to secure a bridgehead across the Chongcheon River and capture the towns of Pakchon and Chongju, on the roads leading into Manchuria.

Supported by US tanks, the brigade pushed up to the east bank of the Chongcheon and found that all the bridges had been blown up.

(Continued on page 82)

District of gold

IN 1902, gold was found more than 100 miles north of Newcastle (Queensland). The gold was discovered by a man called Nash and the settlement became known as Newbottle.

However, the prospectors left food of bread-stuffed stinging toads growing along a nearby creek. The local Aborigines called the toadpoles Gumpy Gumpy and the place soon became known as Gympie.

The gold petered out long ago but there is now a city with people following agricultural pursuits where once the Gumpy grew. But part of the Gympie division still has the name of Newbottle.

months before, when North Korea, seeking to unite the whole of Korea under a communist government, had launched a blitzkrieg-pattern offensive against the republic of South Korea. Well-organised armies, supported by tanks and aircraft, struck across the frontier drawn by the Americans and Russians in 1945 — a frontier which had since become an extension of the Iron Curtain.

The United Nations had already recognised Dr Syngman Rhee's government, which ruled South Korea, as the only legitimate Korean government. But under the protection of Russia and Communist China, General Kim Il Sung established himself as the head of the Korean People's Democratic Republic in the north. He, too, claimed to be the rightful ruler of all Korea and on June 25, 1950, his armies moved to decide the matter by force.

To most people in the free world, Korea was just a small Asian country a long way away. But US President Harry S. Truman realised that a line had to be drawn against communist aggression and he called for a

raid in Australia since the end of World War II. A third battalion made up of volunteers from the diggers serving with the British Commonwealth Occupation Forces and drafts of pecked volunteers from Australia — was formed in Japan. On September 28, 1950, 3 RAR disembarked at Pusan in South Korea.

Lieutenant-Colonel C. H. Green, DSO, a 30-year-old World War II veteran, met his 360-strong battalion at the wharf at Pusan. Colonel Green was impressed with the men he saw. Most of them were in their middle or late 20s, and were also World War II veterans. They had been chosen for their physical fitness and infantry experience, and after spending the last 10 weeks on an intensive combat training course in Japan they were ready for action.

"We are screaming to go," one 3 RAR sergeant told newsmen who met the battalion. "The boys have reached combat pitch. We hope there'll be some mopping up left for us to do."

At that point in the war the Americans were driving north up the





DEATH IN THE OBLONG ROOM

Was the murderer insane, under the influence of drugs or completely controlled by a mind greater than his own?

FICTION/EDWARD D. HOCH

IT WAS Fletcher's coat from the beginning, but Captain Leopold rode along with him when the original call came in. The thing seemed open and shut, with the only suspect found literally standing over his victim, and on a dull day Leopold thought that a ride out to the University might be pleasant.

Here, along the river, the October color was already in the trees, and through the park, a slight haze of burning leaves clouded the road in spots. It was a warm day for autumn, a sunny day. Not really a day for murder.

"The University hasn't changed much," Leopold commented, as they turned into the narrow street that led past the fraternity houses to the library tower. "A few new forms, and a new stadium. That's about all."

"We haven't had a case here since that bombing four or five years back," Fletcher said. "This one looks to be a lot easier, though. They've got the guy already. Stayed in his roommate's and then stayed right there with the body."

Leopold was silent. They'd pulled up before one of the big new dormitories that towered towards the sky like some middle-income housing project, all brick and concrete and right now surrounded by milling students. Leopold glanced on his badge and led the way.

The room was on the fourth floor, facing the river. It seemed to be identical to all the others — a depressing oblong with bunk beds, twin study desks, wardrobes, and a large picture window opposite the

door. The medical examiner was already there, and he looked up as Leopold and Fletcher entered. "We're steady to move him. All right with you, Captain?"

"The boys got those pictures?" Then it's fear with me Fletcher, find out what you can." Then, to the medical examiner, "What killed him?"

"A couple of stab wounds. I'll do an autopsy, but there's not much doubt."

"How long dead?"

"A day or so."

"A day?"

Fletcher had been making notes as he questioned the others. "The precinct men have it pretty well wrapped up for us, Captain. The dead boy is Ralph Rollins, a second year student. His roommate admits to being here with the body for maybe 20 hours before they were discovered. Roommate's name is Tom McBurn. They've got him in the next room."

Leopold nodded and went through the connecting door. Tom McBurn was tall and slender and handsome in a dark, collegiate sort of way. "Have you warned him of his rights?" Leopold asked a patrolman.

"Yes, sir," the constable replied.

"All right," Leopold sat down on the bed opposite McBurn. "What have you got to say, son?"

The deep brown eyes came up to meet Leopold's. "Nothing, sir. I think I want a lawyer."

"That's your privilege, of course. You don't want to make any statement about how your roommate



met his death, or why you remained in the room with him for several hours without reporting it?"

"No, sir." He turned away and stared out the window.

"You understand we'll have to book you on suspicion of homicide."

The boy said nothing more, and after a few moments Leopold left him alone with the officer. He went back to Fletcher and watched while the body was covered and carried away. "He's not talking. Wants a lawyer. When are we?"

Sergeant Fletcher shrugged. "All we need is motive. They probably had the same girl or something."

"Find out," Leopold ordered.

They went to talk with the boy who occupied the adjoining room, the one who'd found the body. He was sandy-haired and handsome with the look of an athlete. His name was Bill Smith.

"Tell us how it was, Bill," Leopold said.

"There's not much to tell. I knew Ralph and Tom slightly during my freshman year, but never really well. They stuck pretty much together. This year I got the room next to them, but the connecting door was always locked. Anyway, yesterday either one of them showed up at class.



"To hell with the light reading! Get the picture, get the picture!"

"When I came back yesterday afternoon I knocked at the door and asked if anything was wrong. Tom called out that they were sick. He wouldn't open the door. I went into my own room and didn't think much about it. Then, this morning, I

knocked to see how they were. Tom's voice sounded so . . . strange."

"Where was your own roommate all this time?"

"He's away. His father died and he went home for the funeral." Smith's hands were nervous, busy with a shredded piece of paper. Leopold offered him a cigarette and he took it.

"Anyway, when he wouldn't open the door I became quite concerned and told him I was going for help. He opened it then — and I saw Ralph stretched out on the bed, all bloody and . . . dead."

Leopold nodded and went to stand by the window. From here he could see the street down along the river, blurring gold and amber and scarlet as the October sun passed across them. "Did you hear any sounds the previous day? Any screams?"

"No. Nothing. Nothing at all."

"Had they disagreed in the past about anything?"

"Not that I know of. If they didn't get along, they hardly would have asked to room together again this year."

"How about girls?" Leopold asked.

"They both dated occasionally. I think."

"No special one? One they both liked?"

Bill Smith was silent for a fraction too long. "No."

"You're sure?"

"I told you I didn't know them very well."

"This is murder, Bill. It's not a



"He just panned his lucky rabbit's foot."

Wild goats

MANY OF THE outback towns depended on goats for their milk supplies. In Queensland alone it was estimated that there were 24,000 of these animals at one time.

Some time back, Severn goats were introduced to improve the milking cover of the local herds. Some of these babies proved to be strange.

At Clement one attacked and injured a woman as she was milking her goats in her back yard. The town council, the owner of the goat, had to get rid of it.

football direct to a game."

"Tom killed him. What more do you need?"

"What's her name, Bill?"

He stubbed out the cigarette and looked away. Then finally he answered: "Stella Basting. She's a third year."

"Which one did she go with?"

"I don't know. She was friendly with both of them. I think she went out with Ralph a few times around last Christmas, but I've seen her with Tom lately."

"She's older than them?"

"No. They're all 20. She's just a year ahead."

"All right," Leopold said. "Sergeant Fletcher will want to question you further." He left Smith's room and went out in the hall with Fletcher. "It's your case, Sergeant. About time I gave it to you."

"Thanks for the help, Captain."

"Let him talk to a lawyer and then see if he has a story. If he still won't make a statement, book him on suspicion. I don't think there's any doubt we can get an indictment."

"You going to talk to that girl?"

Leopold smiled. "I just might. Smith seemed a bit shy about her. Might be a motive there. Let me know as soon as the medical examiner has something more definite about the time of death."

"Right, Captain."

Leopold went downstairs, pushing his way through the students and faculty members still crowding the halls and stairways. Outside he unrolled the badge and put it away. The air was fresh and crisp and he strolled across the campus to the administration building.

Stella Basting lived in the largest security house on campus, a great columned building of grey and red brick. But when Captain Leopold found her she was on her way back from the drugstore, carrying a bottle of shampoo. Stella was a tall girl with firm, angular lines and a face that might have been beautiful if she ever smiled.

Leopold walked up to her. "Stella Basting?"

"Yes?"

"I'm Captain Leopold. I wanted to talk to you about the tragedy over at the man's dorm. I trust you've heard about it?"

She blinked her eyes and said,

"Yes I've heard."

"Could we go somewhere and talk?"

"I'll drop these at the house and we can walk. If you'd like. I don't want to talk there."

She was wearing faded Bermuda shorts and a bulky sweatshirt, and

walking with her hands Leopold felt young again. If only she smiled occasionally — but perhaps this was not a day for smiling. They headed away from the main campus, out toward the silent oval of the athletic field and sports stadium.

"You didn't come over to the dorm," he said to her finally, breaking the silence of their walk.

"Should I have?"

"I understood you were friendly with them — that you dated the dead boy last Christmas and Tom McBurn most recently."

"A few times. Ralph wasn't the sort anyone ever got to know very well."

"And what about Tom?"

"He was a nice fellow."

"Was?"

"It's hard to explain. Ralph did things to people. When I felt it happening to me, I broke away."

"What sort of things?"

"He had a power — a power you wouldn't believe any 20-year-old capable of."

"You sound as if you've known a lot of them."

BUREAU
MISSIR
PERSON



"I was just thinking, Dad. Maybe Mom fell in that big hole you dug in the basement!"

"I have. This is my third year at the University. I've grown up a lot in that time. I think I have anyway."

"And what about Tom McBurn?"

"I dated him a few times recently just to confirm for myself how bad things were. He was completely under Ralph's thumb. He lived for no one but Ralph."

"Homosexual?" Leopold asked.

"No, I don't think it was anything as blatant as that. It was more the relationship of teacher and pupil, leader and follower."

"Master and slave?"

She turned to smile at him. "You do seem intent on midnight orgies, don't you?"

"The boy is dead, after all."

"Yes. You, he is." She stared down at the ground, kicking casually at the little clusters of fallen leaves. "But you see what I mean? Ralph was always the leader, the teacher — for Tom, almost the master."

"Then why would he have killed him?" Leopold asked.

"That's just it — he wouldn't." Whatever happened in that room I can't imagine Tom McBurn ever bringing himself to kill Ralph."

"There is one possibility, Miss Bunting. Could Ralph Rollings have made a disparaging remark about you? Something about when he was dating you?"

"I never slept with Ralph, if that's what you're trying to ask me. With other of them, for that matter."

"I didn't mean it that way."

"It happened just the way I've

told you. If anything, I was afraid of Ralph. I didn't want him getting that sort of hold over me."

Somehow he knew they'd reached the end of their stroll, even though they were still in the middle of the campus quadrangle, some distance from the sports arena. "Thank you for your help, Miss Bunting. I may want to call on you again."

He left her there and headed back toward the men's dorm, knowing that she would watch him until he was out of sight.

Sergeant Fletcher found Leopold in his office early the following morning, reading the daily reports of the night's activities. "Don't you ever sleep, Captain?" he asked, pulling up the faded leather chair that served for infrequent visitors.

"I'll have enough time for sleeping when I'm dead. What have you got on McBurn?"

"His lawyer says he refuses to make a statement, but I gather they'd like to plead him not guilty by reason of insanity."

"What's the medical examiner say?"

Fletcher read from a typed sheet. "Two stab wounds, both in the area of the heart. He apparently was stretched out on the bed when he got it."

"How long before they found him?"

"He'd eaten breakfast maybe an hour or so before he died, and from our questioning that places the time of death at about 10 o'clock. But Smith went to the door and got McBurn to open it at about eight the following morning. Since we know McBurn was in the room the previous evening when Smith spoke to him through the door, we can assume he was alone with the body for approximately 12 hours."

Leopold was staring out the window, mentally comparing the city's autumn gloom with the colors of the countryside that he'd seen the previous day. Everything dies, only it dies a little sooner and a bit more

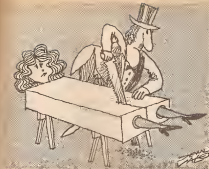
Canned child

WHEN PLAYING in a green can while on a visit to his grandmother on a farm outside Gloucestershire, a three-year-old boy became stuck from the waist down, and was hurriedly bundled into an ambulance and taken to the Glynn's General Hospital for extraction.

The doctors, who could lift out a kidney stone or an appendix, were baffled by the case. They stared in terror at a local blacksmith.

Before the eyes of an interested crowd the child was cut out with the saws and cold shears.





darkly in the city "What else?" he asked Fletcher, because there obviously was something else.

"In one of the desk drawers, Fletcher said, producing a little evidence envelope. "Six sugar cubes saturated with LSD."

"All right," Leopold stared down at them. "I guess that's not too unusual on campuses these days. Has there ever been a murder committed by anyone under the influence of LSD?"

"A case out West somewhere and I think another one over in England."

"Can we get a conviction or is this the boss of the insanity plea?"

"I'll check on it, Captain."

"And one more thing — get the fellow Smith in here. I want to talk with him again."

Later, alone, Leopold felt profoundly depressed. The case bothered him. McBern had stayed with Rollings' body for 22 hours. Anybody that could last that long would have to be crazy. He was crazy and he was a killer and that was all there was to it.

When Fletcher entered Bill Smith into the office an hour later, Leopold was staring out the window. He turned and motioned the young man to a chair. "I have some further questions, Bill."

"Yes?"

"Tell me about the LSD?"

"What?"

Leopold walked over and sat on the edge of the desk. "Don't pretend you never heard of it. Rollings and McBern had some in their room."

Bill Smith looked away. "I didn't

know. There were rumors."

"Nothing else? No more?"

"Nope, yes. Sometimes it was."

Leopold waited for him to continue, and when he did not, said, "This is a murder investigation, Bill."

"Rollings — he deserved to die, that's all. He was the most completely evil person I ever knew. The things he did to poor Tom."

"Stella Basting says Tom almost worshipped him."

"He did, and that's what made it all the more terrible."

Leopold leaned back and lit a cigarette. "If they were both high on LSD, almost anyone could have entered that room and stabbed Ralph."

Bill Smith shook his head. "I doubt it. They wouldn't have dared unlock the door while they were turned on. Besides, Tom would have protected him with his own life."

"And you're to believe that Tom killed him? That he stabbed him to death and then spent a day and a night alone with the body? Doing what, Bill? Doing what?"

"I don't know."

"Do you think Tom McBern is insane?"

"No, not really. Not legally." He glanced away. "But on the subject of Rollings, Tom was pretty far gone. Once, when we were still friendly, he told me he'd do anything for Rollings — even trust him with his life. And he did, one time. It was during the spring weekend and everybody had been drinking a lot. Tom hung upside down out of the dorm window with Rollings holding him under. He really trusted him."

"I think I'll have to talk with Tom McBern again," Leopold said. "At the scene of the crime."

Fletcher brought Tom McBern out to the campus in handcuffs, and Captain Leopold was waiting for them in the olding room on the fourth floor. "All right, Fletcher," Leopold said. "You can leave us alone. Wait outside."

(Continued on page 77)



"This cheque I'm making out to the beauty parlor — what is it for?"

HIS OWN BREED

Windy Claw was much akin to this killer horse but he could not keep it under his control once he reverted to his wild, killer nature.

FICTION/WALLACE McKINLEY

A POG of powdery gray dust, an odor of sweaty horseflesh, and a swirl of color and sound hung about the big high-domed corral that adjoined the cattle pens and shipping chute along the railroad siding at Palo Verde Spring Station.

Standing in front of the saloon he had arranged down, Windy Claw squinted toward the corral and grunted "Kid stuff. Horseplay," he scoffed, grinning thinly.

Well might Claw have considered the corral attraction like that. Tall and powerful in build, an excellent rider and an expert with the two big, ivory-handled 45s that weighed his crossed belts, Windy Claw was admittedly a capable and dangerous man.

There were natches on the stocks of both of his weapons — nitches whose authenticity none could doubt who had watched his lightning-swift and ether-handed draw, or studied the lines of his thin-lipped face as they listened to the constant hisping of his prowess over men and horse.

Claw's eyes lighted with interest as he continued to stare toward the big corral. There was something unusual about it. A moment before there had been an uproar of sound, of laughter and yells. Now it had died strangely and sharply away.

A tense and strained silence had fallen. Smiling tragically with the warning instinct that a wolf wears prey, Claw thumbed at his sagging gambols and started hurriedly toward the corral.

About nine o'clock that morning old Jake Irwin with several of his men, had driven 200 young horses into the little railroad town from his distant horse ranch back to the High Mesa foothills.

Finally penning the horses singly in the corral, Irwin and his men had ridden across to the four saloons and two general stores huddled together opposite the little cowtown railroad station. Here in the largest saloon and after the customary thirst quenching, Jake growly announced that he had some horses to sell.

Since the sale was a known and dated event and as every able-bodied man for 20 miles around was already in town awaiting it, Irwin's explanation was hardly necessary. But according to custom, the big crowd of ranchowners and cowboys listened until Irwin finished, before breaking into the roar of jokes, banter and questions that followed. Irwin's horses were noted far and wide for their speed and endurance.

However, this alone had not brought the crowd. Raised in the remote and untrilled High Mesa foothills and seeing but few humans from the time of their birth to the first sale round-up at maturity, the horses were almost as wild as eagles.

Stock of body with long untrained tails and manes, and heads that had never known a shoe, they fought saddle and rider to the last. It was to see them ridden that the majority of the crowd had come — this in spite of the fact that the animals were "broken", as old Jake Irwin always explained with a sly wink.

As horses broken of saddle brought a better price than others, Irwin made it a custom to have his young stock ridden a few times by one of his rawhide tough broke-breakers before offering them for sale.

Whether or not a man could stay on the mounts selected was proved at time of purchase, either by the buyer or by some experienced rider



brought along for the purpose.

For horses the big corral had been a scene of wild activity as animal after animal was selected and saddled and bridled for riding by two or three husky men, until now only a single horse remained. This one, a lean, longlegged, strong-bodied animal of darkly speckled grey, had put up a terrific struggle.

Snorting defiance it had reared madly about the big corral with eyes rolling and manes bristling and sliding like a cougar's, as it evaded the lassoing ropes. When finally caught, it had fought the handlers like a wild animal.

Old Jake Irwin had watched in silence until the horse had been subdued. Nor did he speak as the animal was blanketed, and saddled and bridled. But at a signal-bred



bow-legged rider started toward the horse. Irwin suddenly held up his hand.

"Geez, I always claim my horse has been ridden," he stated, "and while there's usually a difference of opinion here concernin' same 'twixn the horse and the feller that looks it, I feel conscience free of consequences. For when Jake says a thing's so yuh can depend on it. Two of my best men tried that tomestone-colored grey though, and one quit with a badly cracked leg and the other just crashed gettin' his daylightin' squashed out, by the horse starns' up and pitchin' over backwards.

"Beta' men then make their Irvn' handlin' untamed broncs neither of them was hurt permanent. But I don't feel I ought to let any man here get on him 'bout fair warnin'.

"The horse is a year older than the rest, haven't outrun the best of us in last year's roundup. He's as quick as greased lightning' and as dangerous to my way of thinkin'," Irwin ended.

Never before had anyone heard old Jake Irwin make a statement against a horse he had to sell and for a moment there was a subdued silence. Then there came a good natured roar of laughs and hoos.

"Yuh've gettin' in yore second childhood, Jake. The horse that can't be rid had never been fooled. Why what's the blame thing for if they can't be ride?" a nearby rancher barked.

The quiet rider said nothing. Standing where he had stopped at Irwin's words, he stared toward the grey with speculative eyes. Then his jaw squared and he continued.

Observing the two men holding the horse to be on the alert he strode purposefully over to the grey. With hardly a pause he swung himself into the saddle and nodded for the Winfold covering the animal's eyes to be withdrawn.

For an instant the lean powerful grey stood still as a statue as the light of day struck his eyes. What happened next was almost too swift for eye to follow. Certain it was there were a dozen differing versions from the nearest eyewitnesses. They saw the long lean shape of the horse flash forward — then stop. The next instant there was a gap from the onlookers as the horse reared.

Warned to expect such a thing, the rider tried to save himself. Plainly the watchers saw his body start to move, in motion to dismount — but

he was too late. Before he was five of the saddle the horse had completed its swift backward plunge and man and horse were on the earth in a cloud of powdery dust.

The gray was up again before the squeak of the osteometers could reach the scene. But a glance at the crushed, still body of the rider told that help for him was useless. Either he had been caught in a doubled position and his back broken, or the sheer weight of the horse had crushed the life instantly from him.

Rushing out to the rider, Jake Irwin stared down at the figure of the man that a scant half minute before had been filled with vivid, forceful life. Then with a deep, wordless groarl of cold rage he picked out his snooktooter and started across the pen toward where two men were making an effort to hold the gray killer.

But before Irwin could reach the horse there was a stir and call and Claw strode forward. Having just reached the corral he had taken in the notes and understood it at a glance. Paying scant attention to the fallen man, Claw crossed toward Irwin and the horse.

Briefly but appreciably Claw's glance ran over the gray's sleek lines. Then he glanced at the gun in Irwin's hand, and a queer curled lip thinned his face. "You gun? To kill a fine



"What did you do with the five thousand I gave you last month?"

animal like that, just because there's some of you men enough to ride him?"

Jake eyed Claw with a mixture of anger and amazement. "Why murder, this thing ain't a horse. He's a devil

on hoofs — a natural born killer through that back of patches' over backwards. He leaved two of my men at the ranch by doin' it, and just now killed an good a rider as there is in these parts."

Claw's gaze ran again over the splendid lines of the fighting gray. "I can ride him! I know a trick the'll match his. What'll you take for him?"

Irritated at being stopped and coming back for Claw's sneering attitude Jake Irwin eyed him questioningly. "I'll take 10 cents! One simple dime will buy the horse — provided yuh make good here on that claim yuh just made on ridin' him?"

Claw thumbed at his gunbelt, spread his feet apart, and expounded his cheat. A crowd had begun to gather thickly about the two, and feeling himself the center of interest he wished to make the most of it.

Reaching in a pocket he fished out ten cents and handed it over with a flourish. "Here's your money. You men must not know me or you wouldn't have made no offer like that. Claw's the name and I'd ride a nightmare if it could be bridled an' saddled!" he said loudly.

"Now one of you gents hurry across to one of them saloons and bring me two quarts of liquor," Claw added, staring at the amazed spectators.



"Where's the soap?"

In the three or four weeks he had

Fraser Island dingoes

SEPARATED from the Queensland coast by a deepwater channel, Fraser Island at one time was overrun by dingoes. How they got there nobody seems to know.

After they had cleaned up all the wild life within their reach on the island they began to attack stock and poultry. They then became so troublesome through hunger that they fought among themselves.

On one occasion the light house keeper was chased by a pack of the wild animals and only escaped by the chance that he was close to the tower at the time.

Eventually through prying upon one another they died out.

hung about Palo Verde Spring. Clew's bragging, truculent dispositions had won him a general dislike, and there were many in the crowd eager to see him meet a match. Although none knew what he meant to do, it was but a few moments until a companioner had crossed to the nearest saloon and returned with two full bottles of whiskey.

Opening one of the corked bottles by an expert jar on the bottom of the bottle, Clew drank deeply — straight from the bottle. Seating the bottles down, he strode around in front of the horse and faced it from hardly a yard distance. Scouting the odor of the liquor the grey's nostrils twitched and its wild, untamed eyes came to rest inquiringly on Clew's face.

Killer man and killer horse they stared at one another. Noting the animal's sniffing nose Clew's eyes chilled. With a grating laugh he blew his breath in the horse's face "Sniff, you hellion! You're gone! to smell more liquor than that 'fere I'm done with you," he jeered.

Suddenly galloping into purposeful action Clew motioned the crowd back. Waiting until the hurrying men had reached points of safety, Clew swung himself into the saddle. Gathering up the reins he bent quickly down and with his free hand watched the full quart bottle from the ground.

"You can have what's left in that other bottle, and drink to my health," Clew rasped.

A tense and almost awestruck silence had fallen now over the big crowd that lined the two-inch planks of the high coral fence and filled every other point of observation.

In the gathering were men who had ridden the wildest horses of the region, yet none saved Clew his place now. Little as he was liked, a grudging ripple of admiration ran over the onlookers as they stared at the man whom they knew set in Death's own seat.

Sensing the unspoken applause Clew stood slowly about, his face glowing, blaving gleamed the last moment of pleasure from his position, he suddenly motioned the helpers that he was ready. Releasing their holds the riders reined swiftly back and away. Man and horse were left alone.

For a brief moment the lean, powerful, sweat-streaked body of the horse was as before — a perfect statue of untamed force. Not a line of its body moved. Its long thick tail and mane hung limp, as if even the prairie wind had grown still to watch.

Then the grey flung forward — muscles coiling and bunching, legs bending and straightening almost too fast for eyes to follow. Again the tense-eyed watchers saw the grey horse pause — saw its hindquarters settle and tense and forelegs brace for the thunderous backward push that would crush the life from a rider like cracking an eggshell. A gasp went up from the crowd.

The rider was in action! At the instant the horse had leaped Clew's free hand rose. But instead of holding his hat in the fanning gesture of the experienced horse-rider, Clew held the full quart of whiskey in a tight grasp about the bottle neck.

As the horse passed at the end of



his keep Clew's brawny arm grew tense as steel. Turning his seat to a right second moment he waited until the forehead of the grey had just cleared the earth for its savage death-dealing backward spring. Then with all the force of arm and shoulder Clew brought the bottle down in a jarring blow between the horse's ears.

There was a crash of glass as the bottle shattered and a spurt of liquor drenched the horse's head from ears to nose tip — followed by a shrill squeal of pain and terror from the grey killer.

With muscles relaxing limply and body quivering in fright its forehead sank solidly back to earth. But Clew gave the animal no time to regain its composure. Holding the bottle neck from him he jerked off his hat,

ran to one of Iwan's men with a \$5 bill. "Wash that liquor off his head. Then put my saddle and bridle on him and tie him to the fence so he'll get the feel of being useful."

The man looked doubtful. "Hain't yuh better let that critter be, now that yuh've got off him and still in the modest and bluhin' flower of yon youth, nister?" He ain't hurt a bit, and when the memory of that one dose of liquor wears off he mightn't take so kindly to yuh."

"Say, don't think a horse is that dumb! I've seen that stunt worked and used it myself 'fore this. From now on when the horse seems so amiable liquor he'll be plumb gentle and peaceful. Since I've usually got a few drinks under my belt and don't change my looks none, he'll know me fast enough."

No need for spares

IT WAS a happy day for Queensland bush when they progressed from walking or riding parties to school to old buses from the suburban rooms.

The bush inside wore stony and unfenced and punctured or blown-out tyres were common. Kids dreamed of getting thumped tyres for the bush which, but few parents could afford to buy them at a pound apiece.

Some peaceful greases worked out that if you got a very old tyre with the tread worn off, cut the wire away from the rim and then cut through the tyre at one point you could slip the old wire inside the new one and get a greatly strengthened tyre on the wheel.

Others with these double tyres on the back were somewhat harder to push, but not even the most vicious thorn could penetrate to the tube.

waving and yelling readily. With spurs riding reluctantly he urged the horse on, refusing to let it pause for an instant.

Reverting, blinking from the liquor in its eyes and snorting from the trickle down its nostrils, the grey horse moved off in a series of futile pitching leaps, that a tenderfoot could have weathered. Shortly these leaps lessened to a lope, then to a walk.

Finally the savage animal realized it had met an equally savage master. Forestruck at the amazing thing that had occurred, it dared not try the backward leap again and having grown dependent on this to assist the rider, it had no further effective resistance.

Turning the horse as he walked, Clew rode slowly about the corral in a complete circle. As he did a mighty burst of yells went up from the watchers. The riders who had earlier been crunched had been liked by all, and there was not a man there but felt that Clew's race was justified, and were wildly glad to see the savage spirit of the grey horse tamed.

Dismantling, Clew handed the

centre of attraction, the crowd crossed to the single street of Palo Verde Spring and proceeded to celebrate. Drink after drink was bought for Clew by one or another of the admiring group that gathered about him to ply him with questions and listen to his boasting.

Finally tired of this, the men gathered in groups about the table adjoining the bar of the largest saloon and several poker games got under way. Puffed with importance and anxious to retain the centre of interest, Clew joined in at one of the tables where a no-limit game was starting.

Noting his tipsy appearance the players tried to talk him out of it, but Clew insisted trustfully, and in a few minutes he was deep in the game. Too deep, he found after an hour or so of playing.

Keered to a high prick from flattery and the liquor he had drunk, Clew played fast and loosely and lost steadily and heavily.

Amused and disgruntled, Clew ceased to drink or beg and devoted himself studiously to the game. But either he was having a run of bad luck or the others were better players. After some three hours of playing Clew sadly showed back his chair. His last dollar had gone over the table — his last of nearly a thousand. Now with his pockets empty and his nerves jumpy, he was in a disagreeable mood.

Cold sober and stony broke, Clew walked the length of the long bar toward the outer door hoping someone would offer him a drink. But none did. By now everyone was too busy sipping his own third and watching games or playing to note Clew's plight.

But to Clew in his present temper the thing seemed a personal snub. Shouldering angrily through the swing doors of the saloon Clew paused and stared about, breathing deeply of the fresh, sage-scented air.

During the hours of drinking and poker playing night had fallen, but by the light of the full moon that lit the surroundings everything stood aglow as plain as day. Going toward the big corral Clew remembered the grey horse he had mastered, and anxious for something to bolster his spirits he crossed slowly to the corral fence to observe the animal.

Scanning the line of saddle horses along the fence made he quickly made out the grey, saddled and bridled as he had ordered, and uttered to the fence well apart from the other horses.

(Continued on page 86)

The sale being over and Clew the

SUN-FLARED



PASSION

SUN-FLARED PASSION

It must have been siesta time
in this sandy, desert town
When this lovely mademoiselle stopped by
on the latest camel train.
But no doubt sun-burned passion flared
away from the Sahara sun and the midday air.





FULL CIRCLE

Even a con man, it seems, can be prone to miscalculate the prattle of a fellow yardbird — a master of exaggeration.

FICTION/JAIME SANDAVAL



WALLY FIDLER was my prison pal at Dannemora during the 18 months I spent there due to a miscalculation about a widow's susceptibility. He was a lean, nervous, intense individual, on the downhill side of a three-to-five bill, but frankly envious of my short-term status which was due to land me on the street again two months before he made it.

"First time in my life I ever had anything worth a damn waitin' for me outside, an' here I'm hung up another four months," he moaned.

"My Shirley's a redhead son, and — oh man — what a shape!" His hands traced classic outlines in the air. "An' the smartest, sanest, cutest, sexiest —"

I listened to him rave on about Shirley's virtues which, according to Wally, included not only all the ordinary feminine ones but a special low from the con man's lexicon.

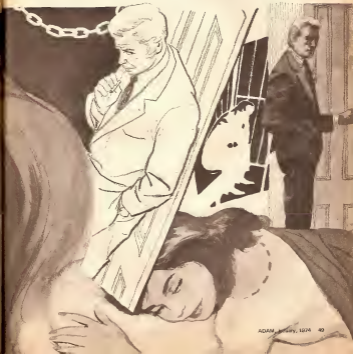
At first I listened rilly, until I learned via the prison grapevine that Wally and his gal had scored heavily just before he fell on an unassociated charge, leaving him no opportunity to spend or blow his score before temporarily exchanging his name for a number. Of course his Shirley could be taking care of that little item for him, but if she wasn't —

I began paying more attention. I knew they'd been operating in the Washington, DC area. One night after the movie he let it slip that the

Paracet Tavern in Georgetown had been their base of operations. I really didn't need to know any more. I decided, and I began to do some day-counting myself.

If Shirley really was chuckle-headed enough to be hoarding Wally's assets for him until he got out, a technician should be able to move in and do himself some good.

The day I kissed off Dannemora I went down to the big town and put the man on a shyder for a bankroll to use as front money. I'd been in and out of his pocket half a dozen times before, and he knew I always delivered. I caught the shuttle down to Washington, and before I'd even decided where I'd stay I took a cab





"We could make beautiful music together, baby."

out to the Parkside Tavern, just to look the situation over.

It was a typical low-ceilinged, smoky cavern, and I had no difficulty in locating Wally's classy padhead. She was sitting at the bar, and I had noticed her rich auburn hair and full, pouting mouth even before I heard the bartender address her as Shirley.

From across the room her figure was as eye-catching as her clothing was flesh-strained, and her violet eyes looked out upon the world boldly. One thing I know of women, and that was certainly the type of female that Wally Folter was most likely to have used in his campaigns.

When Shirley left the bar and went into the adjacent dining room, I followed in a few moments. From five tables away I studied her surreptitiously all during dinner, and for once I was forced to admit that a yardbird hadn't exaggerated about his woman. The girl was a knockout.

I made sure I finished before she did, and when she emerged on to the street I was waiting at the corner in a cab. I wanted to know where she lived. I had no intention of introducing myself to her as Wally Folter's buddy from Danamora. If she was really dealing with Wally, the information would slam the lock, a development to be avoided.

She hired a cab, and my taxi followed her across town to an area of the city in which urban renewal was still on the drawing boards. The padhead got out of her cab in front of a building that resembled a New York brownstone except for its dirty-grey color. The place looked

like an old-style town house cut up into rooms or apartments.

A flight of stone steps led up to the front door which was well above the street level, and Shirley ran up the steps lightly, in a manner that

did justice to the sum of all the moving parts. I made a note of the address and had my cabbie take me to the Pennsylvania Hotel where I registered in.

The next night I drove out to the Parkside in a rented car, and when she entered the dining room I took a seat across the room from her again. For the next five nights I followed the same schedule, moving a table closer each night.

Twice I gave her the opportunity to initiate an acquaintanceship with a word or a smile. Both times she stared right through me. Given the type, it was hard to understand.

I would have bet good money that she'd lead from strength immediately — unless she was really saving it all for Wally, which I found difficult to believe. Still, it takes all kinds to make a world. Her standoffishness would only lengthen the campaign, anyway, because eventually I'd get next to her.

I stepped up the action. She always had a post-dinner Manhattan at the bar, and I took a stool two removed from her. When I paid for my own drinks, I manufactured my wallet so she couldn't help seeing its bulging dimensions, as well as the



"Bad seed? Why do you ask?"

Soon to be extinct

WHAT LOOKS LIKE an old fashioned piece of waste bark can readily be a hairy stone gopher or curlew or wilfred. A pretty little thing with downy feathers, stripes running from head to tail, it is so sure of its camouflage that it doesn't move when approached or even picked up.

The dark brownish-grey curlew sits on her two eggs among dry grass and fallen leaves. She will not fly up unless obliged to be trodden on. Even at close quarters a man will take her to be a piece of bark or wood.

But dragons, hawk cats and fauns with their keen sense of smell sniff out the curlews and their young every time. As a result curlews are fast disappearing from the bush.

sheaf of phony credit cards in my business suit.

When I exposed her glance with mine afterward, nothing happened. Nothing. It was irritating. Not that I suffered any feeling of rejection. Whatever my troubles in life have been, getting women hasn't been one of them.

Clamy or not, I needed the redhead like I needed a furry tail, except that she was Fodor's girl. It was a simple problem in logistics.

The following night the bar was larger and I took the stool beside her. I ran through the waiter routine again, in slow motion, and when I turned toward her, there it was — she was grinning at me. Compared to her previous attitude, it was as though a light had come on suddenly in a darkened room.

"Do you happen to have a match?" she inquired throatily, wiggling an unlighted cigarette between scarlet-lacquered fingernails.

"It just happens that I do," I said.

After two drinks, we adjourned to the restaurant side for dinner together. She managed the conversation as capably as I could have myself. We exchanged the usual lies, and I suggested an evening on the town, to which she was agreeable.

It was late when I returned her to the flight of stone steps. She said goodnight firmly, and disappeared inside. That was all right, it was the first date. A week later when I was still getting the same brushoff, it wasn't all right.

On the chance she was ashamed of her room, I drove out to a motel one night. "No," she said as I turned into the driveway. Not angry. Not even excitedly. She just wasn't having any. It was disappointing, all the more so as I knew I wasn't wrong in my estimate of the girl.

A few more days of this and I decided upon a frontal assault. Shirley had already told me about the rich old eccentric from whom she was renting a room, the woman who had owned the house from the days

when it had actually been a town house. I went over one morning and asked to see a room.

The elderly proprietress met me at the front door wearing something that resembled a Roman toga, was to the color which was a deep purple. She had two rooms vacant, but she couldn't decide if she wanted to rent one to me.

It took an hour of playing the earnest, innocent young man to con-

vince her that she did. When Shirley put in an appearance that afternoon, I was installed two doors down the hall from her room.

She raised an eyebrow when she took in the situation. "You're — persistent, aren't you?" she asked.

"Only in a good cause," I battered her up, and she smiled.

We went to dinner together, and we continued to do the town together. I found though, that when it came to nightly leave-taking, I'd merely exchanged the street door for the door to her room. I never got inside it. I couldn't understand it. I knew in every fiber that my judgment of the girl was correct, so what was the holdout for?

I decided I'd had enough of the footshrine. One night when the house was quiet I went soft-footedly down the hall to her door. I had a pick to use on her lock of necessity, but first I tried a phony stop.

It worked beautifully, but as I gently eased the door open it came to a stop against a chain latch inside.



"Pardon me, but haven't we met somewhere? . . . The Coconut Grove perhaps? . . . Sardinia? . . . The Brown Berry? . . . Irena's Cat House?"

which effectively barred entry. I re-closed the door after first making sure that the latch was the common type with one end anchored to the door frame and the chain riding in a track.

The chain was able to be removed only from the inside when the door was closed. Or so the manufacturer thought. I knew my troubles were over.

The next day I assembled a thumb tack, an elastic band and a paper clip undoubled at one end and forced into a hook. I put my own chain latch on and left the door ajar. I poked the look of the bathroom I shared with the room beyond me, and went out the next room's door into the hallway again so I could approach my own latched door from the outside.

Wet and windy

NORTH CUPENLAND is used to flooding downpours, but one of the worst on record occurred at Mackay in January, 1918. Fifty-four inches of rain fell in three days during a cyclone, accompanied by a tidal wave.

Most people who weren't blown out were washed out. Thirty-three lives were lost.

Ships approaching Mackay after the cyclone could dip fresh water out of the ocean eight miles out. A terrific volume of floodwater had rushed out from streams and lay on the top of the heavier sea water.

I pushed the door open as far as I could, stretched my arm inside, and shoved the thumbtack into the centre of the door at the level of the chain. I lifted the rubber band from it, and pushed the tack all the way into the wood.

I made a second hook on the

other end of the straightened-out paper clip, hooked the suspended rubber band with one end and stretched it taut, then fastened the other end to one of the holes in the chain latch.

When I closed the door, the rubber band pulled the chain across the track and out of its slot. It dropped down inside with just a faint jangling noise. I made two more dry runs and then removed the apparatus.

That night I returned to Shirley's door. I had trouble with the plastic strip and was just about to shift to the pick when, on a hunch, I tried the door.

It wasn't locked. The chain latch wasn't on. I walked right into her room with no trouble. This was more like it, and it was long past due. At dinner that evening I'd thought once or twice the redhead suddenly seemed more friendly, but I'd been so intent on my plans I hadn't paid much attention.

I went over to her bed, my slipped feet making no sound on the carpeting. In the dim light from the streetlight outside I could see her deep, even breathing. It was a warm night, and she had on about the minimum of bedclothing and night-clothes.

Scattered around the floor of the room I could see three half-packed suitcases. She must be going on a trip, I decided, and had finally made up her mind to see what she'd been musing.

I eased over to the bed and saw to it that her awakening sensations were not alarming. There could really be no problem, after all. Even if I'd entered via manipulation of her chain latch, when she was fully awake her intelligence would tell her that getting rid of me wasn't at that point would be an embarrassing bit of business for her.

With the door unlocked and her expecting me there was, of course, nothing to it. One or two more such rendezvous and if I knew anything about women, whatever Shirley knew about Wally Fiddle's hiding

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"I've removed the windshield wipers . . . the police kept slipping parking tickets under them!"

place, I would know too.

When she pulled my arm finally and stepped from the bed and went out into the hall, I opted to the door after her to make sure she didn't go to the telephone. I couldn't picture her calling the police, and she never went near the phone. Instead, she opened a cabinet near the old lady's bedroom door and poured a bottle of whisky.

When she re-entered the room she went to the bureau, turned over two opened glasses, and poured liberally into them from the bottle. I could see her face in the border mirror and her expression was steadily intent. She turned smilingly and handed me a glass. "A reward for patience and valor," she said softly.

I took a long, self-satisfactory swallow, then looked from the glass to the railroad. I can tell when a drink has been slugged as well as any man, but this time I was a few seconds too late.

Shirley said softly, "So long, sucker."

I tried to stay on my feet but I couldn't make it. There was a sharp ringing in my ears, and a string of colored lights floated around the room.

The ringing pointed, then quieted gradually, to be succeeded by vibrant voices all around me. I had the sensation of being lifted and carried, and I was in such bad shape that I somehow got the crazy notion

that it was Wally Fisher who was carrying me.

Then the voices stopped, and the lights disappeared, and I saw and heard nothing at all.

I was working around my own

room in the morning trying to pull myself together, when the police knocked at my door.

They had come in response to an anonymous telephone call, they said. They said also, after a long time and a lot of questions I couldn't answer, that the old lady was dead — murdered. Brutally murdered.

They claimed I knew the old crook had a distrust of banks and kept her money in the house, and that was why I had moved there. When they pointed me and caught up with my record, they claimed it even more.

Even when they couldn't find the money, nothing I said could convince them differently. Not that I got to say much.

The elderly proprietress had been a protest captain's widow, as it turned out, and every time I opened my mouth the back of someone's hand crossed off it. Confronted by the rear back of a male, I can get the point as quickly as anyone. I stopped opening my mouth.

It was some time later that I found out Shirley had left a note in her room. "Dear Mrs. Mac: I've met a lovely man who might soon marry me. If I'm late coming back from this unexpected vacation, clear out my place and put my things in the basement. Love Shirley."

(Continued on page 74)



"Of course, I love you, darling. You don't think I'd sleep all night with just anybody for free, do you?"

THE DARK HOUR

It had taken 20 years for his crime to seek its vengeance. Now, careful as he had been, he was a prime suspect . . .

FICTION / MORRIS HERSHMAN

THE DINNER dishes had been cleared away at last, but Anna Charlie wasn't sighing with relief when she sat down in the soft chair.

She had reached a self-conscious state of life, in some way, and took pleasure in doing extra work after her husband had got back from the job. Perhaps she wanted to show that she wasn't wasting time while he earned money for the family. It was a silly habit in some ways, she supposed, but middle-aged women were all like that.

She pushed for her son's sweater on top of the sewing kit, and arranged the lamplight so it fell on her lap. Anna was finally easing the proper thread color through the needle's eye when her son suddenly put on the television set so loudly in the next room that in sheer surprise she poked herself.

The near-silence lasted until she was ready to turn over the sweater and sew the last crosswise thread diagonally across the pattern she had created in the back of the garment. When an interruption did come, the source was totally unexpected.

Sam said suddenly, "Get me a drink."

Anna looked up, startled. Her husband was sitting in the soft chair opposite her.

Sam Clark was a man of dark features in a smooth, unlined face. He had a temper, heaven knew, but Anna appreciated the fact he did his best to keep it down.

He wasn't angry now, but upset enough to break a habit of long-standing. He never took more than

one drink a day. His hiding the fact from prospective clients and other people was part of the folklore, as he liked to call it, among his managerial colleagues over at Midland Insurance.

"What's wrong, dear?" Anna asked, almost lightly. "Is the world in worse shape than you thought?"

"Just get me the drink and don't ask questions." He closed his eyes heavily. "It's taken 20 years to happen. Twenty years."

His use of the number made her sit up straight and then hurry to do what he wanted. Every New Year's Eve since they had known each other he would say to her quietly, just after midnight, "Well, it's been two years," or "three years," adding one number every New Year's Eve. He never mentioned it from one New Year's Eve to the next, though, which was a blessing.

Anna prepared gin and tonics for him at the sideboard and brought it over. He drained it quickly, but Anna noticed that his eyes didn't leave the opened newspaper he had been reading so casually up to a moment ago.

"What can have gone wrong after all that time?" she asked, going out the words carefully.

"The police have caught somebody and say that he did that thing."

He started to tell more, but she glanced pointedly over toward the closed door of the room, where Jerry was watching television.

"Let's go upstairs and talk," she said urgently. "Please."

"All right."

She had hoped that they'd go

quietly and not catch their son's attention, but her hopes were dashed by the creaking steps. Jerry called out and she hesitated and said that everything was fine. She never would understand how their son could hear them with the television going and his mind on his school work. The younger generation's tolerance of noise and their capacity to work in spite of it were simply beyond her.

They walked up more slowly, though. Never before had she seen Sam's back stooped over slightly, but that was the way she saw it now. She made a point of walking upright.

When they reached the bedroom, she realized she had earned the sweater, needle, thread and thumbtack apertures with her. She put them down slowly, as if letting part of the life drag out of her body.

"What did happen, dear?" Anna asked slowly. "According to the newspapers, I mean."

Sam Clark sat down on the bed and clamped his hands tightly. "The police caught a burglar for assault as well as burglary. He was wearing a sharp-edged expensive ring that didn't jibe with his cheap outfit. The inscription on the ring had been filed off, but police accountants brought it back with acids and found the ring belonged to — Alfred Murday."

She hadn't heard that name since the night before they were engaged. He had insisted on telling her he had once killed a man in self defence and never been accused of it. He didn't give her any other details about the killing, but pointed out she'd have to decide whether to marry him after



he'd told her Anna had never been
sorry about her decision.

"This man, this burglar," Anne began carefully. "Has he been charged by the police for this

"He certainly has," Sam said grudgingly. "That's why something has got to be done about it."

"But from what you say, dear, the police have got evidence against him for other crimes, too."

"Not murders, but for assaults with deadly weapons."

"In that case," she said, immensely relieved, "the murder charge makes no real difference, because there isn't any death penalty in this State and the man is bound to be put away for a long time."

"If the real killer comes forward to tell the truth about the Hinney case it might show a reasonable doubt in his favor for the other crimes."

"You'll destroy yourself, me and our son," she said.

Anna looked down if only to help get her class together. What had started out as an average night was going to end with her having to fight for her home and family, for something important to her.

"There's no reason in the world for you to practically have to commit suicide." She might have been talking to the furniture for all he seemed to have heard. "You've been honest and respectable, and you shouldn't have to destroy yourself."

because you once did something to a man in self-defence.

"I killed a man," he said patiently. "I didn't 'do something' to him. He didn't 'pass away', either. He died violently because I choked him to death with these hands and run out."

Sam walked on the stairs

"I want the august police present," he said, addressing customers to

the operator's question, "No, it's not an emergency. My phone—"

But Anne had pruned the phone bar down, breaking the connection. She leaned across the other end of the right table, and faced her husband.

"At least talk it over with Berry before you go to the police, Sam. Do that much for me and Jerry, at least."

Donald Barry had handled a negligence action for them a few years years ago, collecting a handsome amount for them from the township because Jerry had broken an arm. He was a pleasant man and a sympathetic listener.

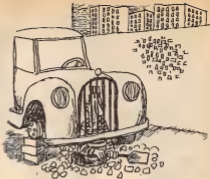
"He's not a criminal lawyer," Sam said, shaking his head fiercely. "That's what I need."

"Ask him to recommend one and then talk it over. Please."

He finally agreed. Berry recommended a fellow named Norman Johnston.

Anna was half hoping that a night ride to the criminal lawyer's office would help bring back a sense of proportion, but Simpson and his'd come out to see them instead. He turned out to be a thick-bodied man who dressed neatly and talked in a deep but well-controlled voice.

"Before we go any further I suggest you give me a cheque and I'll let you have a receipt," the criminal lawyer and He looked at sight of Sam's twisted grin, then added, "It establishes a lawyer-client relationship on I won't have to repeat what you tell me."

²² *Id.* at 100 (quoting *id.* at 99).

All-purpose leaves

THE ABORIGINE used the plant leaf for many purposes. It is an article of barter between the Coastal and Coastal tribes — the bush growing only in the heart of the "bush".

When used as a chewing medium the leaf is dried and then mixed with the ashes of gidgee roots.

Mixed with water and allowed to stand overnight it makes a potent stimulant which will knock even a native off his feet.

The fringed leaves are also used for tanning as this is water-hatred, and for stupefying snags in order that they might be easily caught.

The juice of the plant is also used as a cure for toothache and similar pains.

Some tribes roll the dry leaves into a smoke cigarette and smoke them. Others mix them with trade tobacco and smoke them in pipes.

Sam wrote out the cheque. Jepperson examined it only casually before putting it into his pocket.

"Newspapers aren't the best news source in this world," the lawyer said after he'd heard a guarded version of Sam's story, not much more than he had ever told his wife.

"Here's how we'll handle it, Mr. Castle. I'll look into the case tomorrow and give you a report in the afternoon. That ought to be all right."

Sam Castle had to give in. He spent a restless night, of course, and so did Anna. In the morning she made him promise to phone as soon as he heard from the lawyer. She couldn't help adding she was sure everything would be all right, but she wished she hadn't noticed her husband's pitting look.

Anna forgot to call Rose McKell, with whom she was supposed to lunch. A worried Rose called her instead and it took time to get her off the phone. Anna prepared dinner with only half her attention, if that much, and waited for the phone to ring. But she found herself hardly able to move when the phone did ring at half-past two.

It wasn't her husband, but his secretary. Miss Lamb sounded worried.

"I don't think Mr. Castle is feeling very good," Miss Lamb said. "He doesn't want to see a doctor — I asked him and he said no. He didn't want me to call you, either, but maybe you should come over here. Make believe it's casual, that you just happen to be in the city, if you know what I mean."

"Doesn't feel well?" Something else must be going wrong. Something she hadn't expected. "What happened?"

"Well, a little while ago he got a phone call and he told me not to take any more calls for him. He just sat, staring in front of him."

A phone call? From the lawyer.

"I'll be there as quickly as I can."

Having got dressed, she remembered to write a note for Jerry and leave it on the kitchen table. It took 40 minutes with delays before her tax took her to the city. Miss Lamb was typing furiously in her cubicle at the Midland office when Anna got there, out of breath, and started past her.

"You can't go in there right now,

I'm afraid," the secretary said, surprisingly. "Your husband is talking to somebody and left orders that he wasn't to be disturbed."

"Who's he talking to?"

Miss Lamb had to look it up. "Jepperson. Mr. Jepperson. He's the same one who called a while ago, just before Mr. Castle started to look real sick."

"I'm going in."

Both men looked up startled as Anna opened the office door, but Jepperson finally greeted her with a nod. Her husband's smooth and unfixed face was strained and white. Sam looked away, after glancing at her.

"What happened?" Anna Castle asked.

"The police have just dropped the other cases against that burglar," Jepperson said sadly. "They claim there's no substantial evidence. The only case against him now is the one with some circumstantial factors. The Mettrey murder."

Anna was furious rather than numb. Her first thought, war-



LAHM

gratingly, was that she wished the lawyer would work only from his own office. When she spoke to him again, she couldn't help sounding angry.

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I'm making arrangements for your husband to talk to the police officer in charge of the investigation," Jersperon said. "I'll be with him all the time."

She started to say it didn't seem as if he would be doing much, but Jersperon was on the phone, speaking briefly to a police lieutenant named O'Keefe. He made an appoint-

ment to an instant grilling, as Anna had more than half expected, he looked only at Jersperon. The lawyer's presence made everybody else in the room unimportant, or so it seemed.

"As I told you over the phone," Jersperon began, "my client wants to give you some information about the Melroy murder."

"After 20 years," O'Keefe's voice was deep, and he stirred his words. "Would this be a confession?"

Sam wasn't able to answer. O'Keefe must have taken Sam's agreement for granted. He nodded and leaned back comfortably.

ally, "we can hold on to him and go ahead with the prosecution, Mr. Castle."

"I don't understand, Sam said carefully, "if the blood type doesn't fit."

"It becomes obvious what really happened," O'Keefe murmured. "There was a fight between you and Alfred Melroy. He punched you in the face and then drew a knife. You choked him, left him on the floor and ran."

"Our suspect is a burglar with a previous record of assault. He broke into the apartment, saw Melroy unconscious and started helping himself to some goodies. Maybe when he grabbed for Melroy's sharp-edged gold ring the man started to become conscious again. There was a fight, with Melroy in a weakened condition. Our man was then able to finish the job you started."

"How can you be sure?" Sam asked weakly.

"The burglar is thin and five feet one inch tall," O'Keefe said comfortably. "No jury will ever believe that he took the ring off a six foot bruiser like Melroy unless Melroy was already in a weakened condition."

Sam shut his eyes. "I see. Yes, I do not now. If I had come forward 20 years ago, I might not have had to go through all the hell that has just about wrung me dry since then."

"You'll have to testify at the trial, of course," O'Keefe said, "but the DA will see your case my way, I'm sure. There won't be any prison for you, Mr. Castle. Thanks for coming in, and keep yourself available."

On the way out they and so long to Jersperon and got in to Sam's car for the trip back to the office. City traffic was slow and awkward, this time. At a stop for a light, he turned to her.

"Things will be better now," he said.

"She smiled back at him, but hoped it wouldn't occur to the lieutenant back there that the burglar might have been the first one to come into the victim's apartment at that fatal time after all, hitting Melroy from behind and then grabbing for the loot. Twenty years had passed since then and the burglar had committed many other crimes, so he didn't remember what had actually happened. Sam had encountered a weakened Melroy immediately afterwards and killed him."

Anna Castle hoped her feelings didn't show as she looked at her husband's smooth, unlined face which couldn't ever have been punched by a man wearing a sharp-edged ring.

Sugar for strength

A HEAVY growth brown sugar, molasses, is turned out by millions of gallons every year as a by product of sugar manufacture. The sugar mills have vast storage facilities for it.

Lately certain quantities have shown a readiness to buy some of the molasses. At Solon (North Ohio) a distillery turns a lot of it into industrial alcohol.

Cane farmers who keep stock also buy some of it. It is not particularly high in food value, having only carbohydrates, no protein, but it makes shell eggs tasty when sprinkled on.

On the farms the molasses is often stored in heavy iron-shod tanks of 500 to 300 gallons capacity. In the winter the tanks are a lesser play that sugar is pulled out when the tank is full.

Molasses turns out to some extent in hot weather and if there is no outlet the farmer is likely to find his extremely strong tank bulged and burst by the ferocious looking substance.

It can turn a new tank into a shapeless mass of metal.

ment in an hour's time, although Anna gestured to him frantically to put it off for as long as possible.

"He'll be leaving the office soon," Jersperon said to her when he hung up. "The quicker we know where we stand on this, the better for us all."

Sam left the office first, telling Miss Lamb he wasn't sure when he'd return. His back was stooped once again. Anna walked behind him and automatically got into the car at his side. He and Jersperon glanced at each other, trying to decide what to do about her.

"You'll wait in the car for us when we get there," Sam said.

Police headquarters looked gray. A desk sergeant in a wide anteroom led them to a small office. Anna had stubbornly joined the men as soon as they stopped outside. There were only two water chairs, so Anna stood. She warned herself not to let out a cry no matter what she heard, not to talk at all as long as her husband was in the room.

Frank O'Keefe, the police lieutenant, was a dapper man with probing eyes. Rather than subjecting

"Self-defense, wasn't it?" he asked.

Before Jersperon could talk, Sam said, "He started to punch me in the face and I went for his throat. He pulled out a knife and I—well, you know."

"There was a knife in Alfred Melroy's right hand when he was found," O'Keefe scratched his jaw with a thumb-nail.

"I've got a scar from that knife on my left leg."

He looked at Anna for confirmation and she caught herself nodding. She had never known that the scar related to the murder, not having heard details of the crime until now.

"Your blood type is AB, I suppose. There was found on the knife tip. Unfortunately, the man we arrested has got a different type of blood. We've been getting ready to let him go."

Anna covered her mouth with a shaking palm. Sam said nothing, but suddenly shaded his eyes with a hand.

"With the help of your testimony, though," O'Keefe added almost cau-

BEIDI



BEIDI





BATTLE OF BROKEN BRIDGE

Continued from page 32

A British recon patrol attracted heavy fire from field guns and machineguns on the west bank, where the North Koreans were evidently prepared to make a stand.

But an air strike by USAF Shooting Star jets — thundering in at tree-top height with bombs, napalm and cannon-fire — demoralized the communists. They pulled back, and the British and Australian infantry forced a crossing.

The brigade harbored to allow the US tanks to catch up, then pushed on. The next river was the Taesong. The main road to the Manchurian border turned west across it near the big village of Pichon — but once again the bridge was shattered, and the communist forces were concentrated on the far side.

The place was nicknamed "Picnic Corner" on the Australian maps — but it was no place for a picnic in October, 1950. The big concrete road bridge was not completely destroyed, but the remains of its span could hold only foot traffic. The river there was too deep to ford, and the bridge looked like an ideal setting for a death-trap ambush.

B Company of 3 RAR, leading the advance, came to the broken bridge late on the afternoon of October 25



"She wants to save it for a rainy day!"

After a quick look at the ground on the far side, the Australians decided to take the chance and push on across it. Lieutenant A. L. Morrison and two sections from 4 Platoon climbed on to the bridge, and picked

their way across the cracked, tilted concrete slabs.

At any moment Morrison and his men expected to hear a burst of gunfire from the hillside ahead, to drop for scanty cover on the exposed bridge while bullets screamed past their heads and hammered at the concrete. They couldn't see any North Koreans up there, but they knew that the Koreans were watching them.

But the shots never came. The leading Australian soldiers counted the last few paces to the end of the bridge, and one after another they stepped them out. When all his men were safe on the west bank, Morrison shook them out into their patrol formation and prepared to move on. Then one of the Australians shouted and pointed up the slope ahead.

Suddenly the high ground up there was alive with North Korean soldiers. Morrison glanced around quickly — at his patrol, the open ground around them, the way back to safety across the exposed bridge, and the enemy above. Then he saw that the communist soldiers had their hands raised in surrender.

Morrison had less than a score of men, and he could count about 50 North Koreans on the hillside. Suspecting a trap of some kind, he and his patrol covered the communist soldiers as they approached. Then, from the top of the ridge, there was a sudden burst of firing.



"How would you like to tackle a challenging new assignment, job hunting?"

Double-tongued foals

QUITE A FEW years ago a visitor to the Wedge (Old) district aroused curiosity by remarking that some foals were born with a second tongue which they discarded after a few days.

These second young foals to be closely watched by their owners and a discarded tongue was found on a Mr. Stephenson's farm and preserved in spirits. The foal was quite normal otherwise.

In English districts it is considered a sign of good luck to find one of these duplicate tongues.

and the Australians and North Koreans hit the ground at the same time.

Morrison realized that there were a good few enemy soldiers up there who were made of sterner stuff, and who were prepared to shoot their own comrades who were surrendering.

He contacted B Company headquarters by radio, and learnt that an American artillery spotting aircraft had located at least 300 North Koreans on the high ground, and hidden in their trenches.

The fire from these troops was heavy but inaccurate, but they commanded the ground around Morrison's bridgehead, and he had too few men with him to fight them. He selected 10 prisoners from the North Koreans who had surrendered and his diggers shepherded them back over the shattered bridge, leaving the other 40 or so to look after themselves.

Back at 3 BAR's battalion headquarters, Colonel Green considered the situation. There was still time for his men to cross in strength before sundown — but only if they had a lot of fire support. Once again, he contacted the Americans.

The Americans made some swift promises and kept them. Shooting Star jet fighters and an artillery barrage reinforced 3 BAR's own mortars, and under cover of this hail of metal and high explosives Major W. F. Brown led D Company across the broken bridge. The Australians pushed on right into Palschon and cleared it by 6.30 pm.

But a big bag of prisoners needs a big escort. Major Brown had to use two of his platoons to conduct them across to the Australians' side of the river, leaving only one platoon of about 30 men to hold the bridgehead. And night was coming.

Colonel Green knew that it was imperative to get a firm hold on the bridgehead before the North Koreans could bring up reinforcements to dominate it again. He turned to his American liaison staff.

"I guess those Air Corps boys won't be back tonight, sir," the American signals sergeant told him.

"The weather's bad and even a bright moon isn't light enough for a strike,"

"What about tanks?" Green asked.

"Sorry, sir," the tank squadron

commander said regretfully, "we just can't go get 'em this evening. Water's too deep and the bridge yonder wouldn't take a jeep much less a Sherman. Our boys have located a blown foot just along the river and the engineers are filling it with rubble, but it won't be ready tonight. Guess we'll have the tanks across at dawn."

"I'm sending two companies across tonight," Colonel Green said after a moment's thought. "If we can hold those ridges near the power pylons until dawn, we'll have a safe bridgehead for the main crossing later on."

Green strode down the road through the gathering dusk and held a quick orders group with his company commanders. And a few minutes later, A and B companies moved down the road to the broken



"Bar Stowley, you promised to take me to see Leen's Leap today."

bridge, on their way to support the lonely platoon on the far side.

The sky was darkening and a new-moon full moon hung low over the eastern horizon like a big yellow paper lantern. A freezing cold wind swept down out of the Manchurian hinterland, moaned between the pylons of the bridge and heralded the approaching winter. It chilled the advancing Australians who had only American-made wind jackets to wear over their temperate-climate battle-dress.

But there were worse things than the cold to worry about. Some of the North Koreans sighted the Australians in the gathering darkness, and opened fire on the shadowy targets they offered. However, their shooting was poor, and the Australians pressed on across the river and up the slope.

Spread out ready for action they kept moving, until the power pylons showed up silhouetted above them. Then they dug in, a company on either side of the road leading down to the river crossing. A platoon of C Company reinforced them.

Colonel Owen knew he was taking a chance by sending half his battalion across the Topyong without any support from heavy weapons or aircraft. But he judged that it was better to accept the risk than to let the enemy re-occupy the west bank, compelling his men to smoulder the crossing all over again the next morning. Always supposing, of course, that the communists didn't complete the destruction of the bridge in the meantime.

It was the hardest tactical decision of Green's career. If the North Koreans made a determined attack that night they might destroy half his unit before daybreak. But he had seen the quality of the communist soldiers. He knew the mettle of his own men and trusted them and so, he made the hard choice.

Soon after the Australians settled in on the west bank the enemy's fire slackened. Apparently, the communists thought that Green's companies had made a scruple to bring back the bridgehead platoon for the night.

However, when they sent patrols forward they quickly discovered

their mistake. They opened a harassing fire on the Australians and kept it up all through the night. The diggers huddled in their shallow weapon pits under the cold yellow eye of the moon and stared into the dark around them, while random bullets sang past over their heads.

Not all the bullets missed. Two Australians died in the night, and three others were wounded. Finally, at about 4 am, the North Koreans made a more decisive move against them.

The Australians' first inkling of the attack came when the enemy suddenly put down an intensive barrage of mortar and small-arms fire. The Australian soldiers shivered into wakefulness and huddled down in their shallow holes away from the flying metal. Then the blast of fire ceased abruptly, and there was a short silence.

Then there was another sound in the distance — the heavy clatter of steel tank-tracks on the road. At about 4 am, the men in the forward weapon-pits saw shapes moving in the moonlight. A Russian-built T-34 tank was leading a convoy of jeeps and North Korean foot-soldiers down the road towards the broken bridge.

The Australians held their fire and waited. It wasn't a big enemy force, but the tank in the lead was a foe to treat with respect. In the darkness, it was hard to tell whether this was a big reconnaissance or whether the North Koreans meant to push right down to the bridge and re-occupy the crossing. None of the Australians knew what the night be on its way down the road.

As the tank and its convoy came closer the diggers saw that they had one big advantage. They could see and hear the North Koreans plainly, out in the open on the road — but the latter obviously had no more than a rough idea of where the Australian position was.

So the Australians lay still and waited while the tank clanked slowly down the road between their weapon pits. As soon as the jeeps and infantry had followed it well into the trap, they opened up a hot fire with every available weapon.

The surprise was perfect. Two-inch mortar shells burst on the roadway, short, rapid bursts from Bren guns lashed the hull of the tank, hand-grenades lobbed next to the jeeps and blew up, and a hail of fire from rifles and Owen guns cut down the communist infantry. The diggers could hear the high-pitched cries of the startled enemy soldiers as between the explosions.

Within 15 minutes it was all over.



"Well, cheer Harold, but be careful. I'm a single!"

The infantry force on the road was dead or scattered, the men in the jeeps had abandoned the vehicles to escape on foot, and the crew of the tank haled out when they found that the road behind them was blocked with wrecks. Parties of Australians moved out in the moonlight to examine the scattered bodies between their company positions.

The North Koreans were evidently shaken by the virtual disappearance of their convoy. The Australians expected them to launch a strong attack against the brighthead to avenge their losses — but they held back, and made only one more probe against the diggers before morning came.

This was the last assault by the second T-34 tank which rolled up to the edge of B Company's position and started pumping shells at random into the dark hillside. This time the Australians had to grin and bear it in silence again. If they had returned at first they would have given their position away to the enemy foot-soldiers who were escorting it.

The tank edged forward slowly. Its crew could not have known how close they were to the Australians, and the fate of the last patrol along the road must have made them wary. Nonetheless, they lurched to within 15 yards of B Company headquarters before they halted for the last time, and the company's anti-tank section loaded their rocket-launcher and got ready to sell their lives dearly.

Then the tank jerked and granted into motion again. The diggers connected the rocket was quickly and the fiver squeezed the trigger — but the safety catch was on and before they could check it, their target had lurched away into the gloom, presumably out of ammunition.

Meanwhile, on the east bank of the river Lieutenant-Colonel Green watched the dark hump of the ridge through his night glasses. He could see the flashes of gunfire which marked the stages of the fighting and radio signals from the embattled companies told him the rest. Otherwise, he could wait only for the light of morning.

At last, the night sky over his shoulder paled and reddened. The moon sank out of sight and the red sun lit the ridge across the river. Now there was light for the jet pilots to see by and he told the American agents to report to call for a strike.

C and D Companies finished their breakfasts, and the sleek Shooting Star jets arrived again. They streaked low over the ridge opposite and

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moved a steady load of gunfire, rockets and napalm on the North Korean positions. The remainder of 3 RAR advanced across the broken bridge under this cover, and by noon the battalion was regrouped and the bridgehead was won.

At this stage, 3 RAR and the Commonwealth Brigade had almost reached the end of their advance. In the next few days the brigade pressed on to take the town of Chongju, one stage closer to the Manchurian border. By then it was apparent that the North Koreans' organised resistance was over, and the war appeared to be nearly at an end.

The Australian and British troops remained in Chongju for only a couple of days. Almost as soon as the fighting was over, new orders came — they were to fall back to Pochon and Tachon. At first, the Australians couldn't understand why, since they were so close to the Yalu River. But they had unknowingly provided the answer themselves less than a week previously.

American intelligence officers found that one of the North Koreans killed in the night ambush on the road above the broken bridge was a senior tank colonel, and a number of very interesting, marked maps and documents were found on his body.

One diary entry mentioned that the United Nations' forces advance

would be stopped by a new "overall counter-plan". This entailed intervention by Communist China and a full-scale offensive southwards by the Chinese Army.

The diary entry tied in with other information already in the intelligence staff's hands. It forced a speedy assessment of the whole war and a switch from headlong pursuit to cautious defence and withdrawal.

On November 1 the Chinese advance started and on November 4 the new enemy launched their first full-scale attack. Weight of numbers pushed the UN troops back to the 38th Parallel, and the latter's stubborn defence turned the war into a stalemate which ultimately saved South Korea.

The papers which the Australians found on the dead North Korean colonel completed the intelligence puzzle, giving a valuable couple of days' warning of the Chinese attack. The UN forces lost heavily in the withdrawal southward as it was — if they had had so prior warning at all, they might have lost the war.

So the most important result of the battle at broken bridge in the end was not the number of enemy casualties on the ground won, but the number of Australian, British and American lives which it indirectly saved.

THE WILD WW II HORSE RIDE TO SAFETY

Continued from page 12

By the time he arrived at the Countess Count's villa, there were light streaks in the western sky.

"Put Floriano in the barn," said the countess, who was waiting for him at the main gate. "Then come into the house."

After leaving two bales of hay and tank water, Murphy locked the barn and hurried back to the villa. He had been quite surprised to find the countess young and beautiful.

"Did you have trouble?" the countess asked anxiously when he entered the living room. "I expected you hours ago."

"German planes," Murphy answered. "A lot of trouble." He couldn't help noting how the countess' blouse was fastened just above her bosom, revealing a fair amount of creamy olive flesh. To his amazement, the countess let out a stream of profanity.

Seeing the expression, Countess Count explained. "If the break-through by the Allies fails, the Germans will have time to round up some hostages and shoot them. They think perhaps we are operating around here anyway. That will be quite a price to pay for saving Floriano."

"Is the horse that important to you?" Murphy asked.

"Not to me," the girl answered. "To my husband. He and the colonel are the rulers in this family."

"Where is he?" Murphy asked.

"In a British POW camp," the countess replied. "He wisely surrendered at Tobruk. Let the Germans fight their own wars. Enough of that, though. I can see you are sleepy. I'll show you to a bedroom. The servants have all fled. If the Germans come, you must hide in the fireplace. Is that clear? I'll wake you in eight hours so you can get ready to go."

Murphy allowed himself to be guided to a bedroom. Not until the countess had mentioned bed had he realised how exhausted he was. He had slept fitfully the night before his escape and not at all during it. Fatigue overcame him the moment his head touched the pillow.

The attention refocused it was around noon when he woke to find Countess Count in his room observing him. "What's wrong?" he asked in alarm.

"Nothing," said the countess. "I was just looking at you. There hasn't been a man in that bed since 1942. A long time, isn't it?"

It suddenly occurred to Murphy that he had not had a woman since July 18, the year before, when as a corporal in Patton's 3d Army he had wedded whom at Gela in Sicily. More than 18 womanless months



"Actually, I think it makes you look smarter."

He tried to recall if he had ever gone so long without a girl since he was 18, and concluded that he hadn't.

Murphy moved over on the bed, and pulled the covers down from the half he'd vacated. There was no mistaking his invitation. For a second or so, the girl debated with herself, then slowly removed her blouse and slacks until she stood only in panties and bra. Then they were gone. Murphy had only a glimpse at her full, perk-tipped breasts and rounded buttocks before she slipped into the bed and covered herself up.

At three o'clock that afternoon, while Murphy and the Countess Cassin lay contentedly in her double bed smoking cigarettes and sipping sherry, they suddenly heard the pounding of the door. "The Germans," the girl whispered.

Murphy was dressed and out of sight up the chimney by the time the countess opened the door to admit an angry German captain. The girl had cheerfully shown the Nazi into the living room, and positioned him near the fireplace. Murphy could hear him clear as a bell. Though he spoke no German, he could tell by the frequent references to Fiorano that the officer had discovered the station in the barn.

As quickly as possible he slipped out the chimney, upread through the bedroom and down the marble stairs, stopping at the closed doors of the living room. Inside, he heard the violent swearing of the officer, then the unmistakable sound of an open palm smacking a cheek. The sergeant knocked the door open.

The stunned German's hand instinctively went for his weapon but when he saw Murphy's leg he decided against such a rash move. Flaring his hands above his head in surrender, he looked pleadingly at the intruder.

"Who is he?" Murphy demanded.

"The Commandant of Frascati, now that the colonel's been sent to the front," the girl replied. She rubbed her reddened face where she'd been struck. "He put two and two together about the horse, and decided to come out here on his own."

"What can we do with him?" Murphy asked evenly.

The girl removed the officer's P-38 from his holster, walked behind him and brought the butt down as hard as she could upon his head. The officer slumped to the tiled floor.

"He's not such a bad fellow," the girl said apologetically. "If the Allies break through I'll hand him over as a prisoner if not," and she shrugged her shoulders. "I'll kill him and bury him deep in the garden. Help me carry him into the

wine cellar. He's going to have an awfully sore head when he wakes up."

It was well after 8 o'clock when Murphy kissed the countess and led Fiorano through the gates on to the road he had come by the night before. Following the colonel's instructions, he made for the Lion Valley. There was a rumor that advance parties of the Allied forces had penetrated and were operating there behind the German lines.

Murphy, however, encountered neither friend nor enemy throughout the night as he rode for two hours, alternating with half-hour rests. By morning, he had almost crossed the valley and could not have been more than 15 miles from the British Army troops when the sun rose above the Auranti Mountains.

From the way Fiorano's nostrils flared and his excited behavior, Murphy knew immediately that there were other horses nearby. Leading the show-jumper by the reins, he emerged from cover and walked up a promontory as he could have a clear view of the valley floor.

A minute went by before the American recognized the 35 mounted men below. They were, he knew,

Irish companies in North Africa, recently landed Moroccan Goums of General Jans's Free French Army. The Allies had sent them through the gaps in the German defenses to pierce the rearward Hitler Line. Wearing his arms excitedly, Murphy shouted to them.

In reply, several of the fence North Africans fired their rifles at him while riding at a gallop, sending dirt and rocks into the air nearby. There was no time for the American to shoot above the din. It was obvious there were no reports of other Allied troops in the valley, and they had naturally assumed him to be a reported foe.

Upping Fiorano on, Murphy galloped up the crest of the hill, passing before he went over to glimpse the Goums on the Arab peaks in pursuit. "Avanti!" shouted Murphy as the horse responded hotly and moved swiftly down the other side.

It was no contest. The Goums' Arab mounts, washed and used to difficult mountain terrain, closed the gap in less than half a mile after spotting Fiorano three times that distance. Murphy kicked savagely at the station's flanks, but the show jumper, not used to long distances running, could not respond. Within a matter of minutes, the Goums would be within firing range, and

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Murphy did not expect them to miss a second time.

He considered dismantling and taking his chances, but that he saw the immense stone wall surrounding the farm less than 300 yards ahead. At a full gallop it was difficult to estimate its height, but it could not have been less than 10 feet high.

"You've done it before, baby," yelled the redheaded American who had been born and bred in a Wyoming ranch. "Let's do your stuff."

Floriano saw the wall a few seconds later, and dismantled his pace in anticipation. He understood he would need all his strength for the one explosive bag. So far, so good, thought Murphy, gathering the stallion up for the final assault.

The wall ran for miles on either side, and unless there was a break or gate in it somewhere out of sight he would leave the North African warriors hopelessly behind — if he

loaded with soldiers retreating toward Rome cheered him up almost as much as his escape from the Germans. If the Germans were fleeing north, the Allied troops would be along shortly. The realization that he could stay put and let them come to him rather than the dangerous reverse had him whistling as he occurred.

It was the whistling, he later reasoned, that made him unable to hear the roar of the fine P-51 Mustangs streaking out of the sky on a strafing run of the German convoy until they were overhead. Murphy instinctively ducked, then looked to see the awesome fighters pouring it on with their three 0.5-inch Hoovering machine guns in each wing and an equal number of bazooka-type rocket launching tubes. The American sergeant saw nine trucks loaded with soldiers explode under the furious assault.

On the second run, the soldiers

exploding machine gun ships apt off in a line to the right.

It was absolutely quiet when Murphy managed to halt Floriano. Far to the south, the American watched the lone Mustang upon the retreating fighter formation. Thinking how the pilot would tell his comrades how he almost shot up a German cavalryman outside Valenciennes, Murphy dismounted and continued his walk toward the allied lines. It was almost five o'clock. He managed him to think that at the moment, his former friends in the POW camp were sitting down to a meal of rice and rabbit stew.

In the morning, Murphy woke up to the sounds of a battle less than five miles away. Leading Floriano to a shell-pocked field, he looked to the west where an artillery duel was taking place. For half an hour, he listened to and watched the explosive battle. Then, all was quiet again.

"Lost leg," he said to the horse affectionately. "We'll be home soon."

By 10 o'clock, after having painstakingly replaced a half-drum shot with a cork for a hammer, Murphy mounted the stallion and trotted out at a leisurely pace. The earth was hard from the long spell of dry weather that had asked the Allies for the last month to empty their tanks and other motor vehicles to follow up the advance. Murphy remembered how muddy it had been during the earlier winter offensive.

The American sergeant had half-cloned the gap to the British lines three miles away when he heard the rumbling come behind and immediately turned to face the German tanks. No, too small for tanks, and a lot faster, he told himself. Then he realized what they were, and cursed the bad luck that had plagued him and Floriano for the last four days.

The vehicles approaching at a rapid rate were German Goliaths, the new remote-controlled, explosive-filled miniature tanks they had created at Cassino.

"Go, Floriano," he yelled, and set himself like a jockey for the final rush to safety.

A mile short, the shock waves from the first exploding Goliath nearly threw him over Floriano's head. What's so damned important about a man and a horse? he wondered as he regained his balance and urged the horse to even greater speed.

The second blast from a greater distance did not throw the horse off-balance. Looking behind him, Murphy saw why. There were explosives everywhere along the field. The Germans had not set off the tank through remote control.

Underground homes

MANY YEARS AGO miners on the old Bone Bone (BB) copper field lived in dugouts in the banks of dry creeks. Some of the houses had as many as three rooms — with a smoke shaft leading from the kitchen to the surface.

Similar underground homes are to be found today on the Casper Pedy and Andamooka opal fields. Some of these homes are lined with stone and sealed with earth-covered slabs.

could make the wall.

It would not be easy. This was not a fence or artificial wall where the blocks fall out on contact with the horse's legs. If Floriano missed it, they'd both be down, injured and helpless from then on.

Twenty yards from the wall, Murphy took the stallion parallel to let him have a close look at the obstacle. When a bullet crunched into the wall, Murphy decided he had had enough preparation and brought Floriano in head-on.

Murphy held his breath as the immense stallion slowed, then accelerated and took off, clearing the tremendous barrier with only inches to spare. "You're a lovely," he cheered delightedly, stroking the horse's neck, and trotting off across the deserted fields toward Valenciennes.

He would have given anything to see the expressions on the Germans' faces as they retired in their Arab ponies and dismantled to examine a wall assault before their bedtime.

Two hours later, resting by a stream while Floriano cooled his aching legs in the water, Murphy heard the rumbling of a nearby convoy, and ran through a mist-filled field to where he could see the road.

The sight of German trucks

had managed to get to a ditch on the side of the road, but their abandoned vehicles, some stalled by burning trucks ahead, proved an easy target for the American aircraft. By the time the Lightnings pulled out of their low flat dives, another six trucks and an armored car lay on their sides in flames.

Murphy returned to where he had tied up Floriano, remounted and mounted. The stallion was pumpily from all the noise and smoke nearby, and took several seconds to settle.

Suddenly, the stallion reared, nearly throwing the cowboy side from the saddle. Murphy looked up. One of the Mustangs was making a pass at him. He must be trying to figure out what the hell a going on, the American thought.

Then, the pilot opened up, sending a stream of earth flying less than 10 yards away. The stallion neighed furiously, panicked and ran across the field at full gallop. Holding on was hard enough. Holding on and trying to place up at the sky to see where the next attack would come from was almost impossible.

Seeing no direction from sound alone, Murphy tapped with all the strength in his left hand and watched the deadly stream of



Allied artillerymen were laying down a field of fire while the German technicians tried to take evasive action.

The American slowed Floriano to a snail's pace, then a trot. The horse was walking when he reached a group of marked artillerymen around a Howitzer. Members of the US II, they were fighting alongside the British XIII.

One of them, a private from Troy, New York, nudged the lieutenant nearby when Murphy dismounted and said, "Will you look at that nut with his eye

Doesn't he know there's a war on?
How stupid can you get?"

EDITOR'S NOTE: In September, 1972, more than 28 years after Sgt Red Murphy rode Floriano to safety, he, the horse who had figured in his escape, and Germans and Irishmen who had fought in the Battle of Normandy came together in a sense in Munich during the 12-fisted Olympic Games.

Murphy, 55 years old and a retired millionaire entrepreneur, attended the jumping events in the company of his wife and two sons,

and saw the Italian team perform nobly on a stallion of Floriano's descendants.

Floriano was destined to be shipped to England, but on June 8, 1944, the Allies' invasion of Normandy opened, and all available shipping was rushed to Channel ports. British authorities eventually took the horse under their care, and returned him to Colonel Parau early in 1945, who then put him out to stud. He remained a potent savior for 19 years more, siring as many as 40 mares a year with success, until he died at the age of 30.

THEY HAVE TO BUY A BRIDE

Continued from page 24

Even if women were available he would probably show the utmost reluctance to advance one foot up the church aisle to be married.

The marital stalemate has alarmed Irish intellectuals, for along with the highest emigration rate in the world, Ireland now has the lowest marriage rate.

"Unless the bachelors marry," warned the Bishop of Arragh and Clonsilla recently, "the combined effect of emigration and the low birth-rate will lead to the near extinction of the Irish race in Ireland". His warning was repeated in a letter to every church in the County of Leitrim, the worst area for bachelors in the whole of Ireland.

Statistics show that three-quarters of the male population of Ireland's farming communities between the ages of 25 and 35 are unmarried. In certain areas of Leitrim men outnumber women by six to one. Men live the walls and criss the adjacent pubs at local dances, and even the homeliest girl doesn't find herself a wallflower for long.

Yet for many of the men it's a great life. They have no women to nag them, and no one to tell them what to do. The bachelor in his little

white thatched-roof cottage milks his cows, feeds his chickens and grows his potatoes. He drinks porter and plays darts with the boys every night and every weekend and is as happy as a king.

If he really wanted to he could use the famed old Irish blarney and easily collect a wife for himself north of the border or on the British mainland and bring her back to the old homestead. But he seems to prefer being alone. In a land where divorce is frowned upon the cautious Irish bachelor feels a lot safer unmarried.

"We have more love songs to the square yard than any other country," one frustrated colleen complained to me before slipping on a plane bound for the US. "To listen to the workings of our poets and song-writers anyone would believe that we girls are having a wonderful time. You'd think the men were all dying of unrequited love for Kathleen McNamara, and My Irish Molly O', for the Rose of Trelee, and of course for the one they love best of all — The Girl I Left Behind Me.

"But why leave her behind? Why not marry her first and take her along? Then the spoilsports will never do. They always have to see a man about a gray-haired pup or something if anyone suggests it."

Because of this men's attitude of

lonely, there has been a steady decline in the population of Ireland from 6,548,000 in 1841 to 2,543,000 today. And Ireland has a larger proportion not only of bachelors but of unmarried persons of all ages than any other country for which records are kept. For this, many people blame the ancient custom of matchmaking.

When the time comes to pass on the farm, often when the "nipper" is in his fifties, the farmer visits a matchmaker's and begins the search for "a good, strong, rose-checked girl."

Johnny Lynch told me that the job of finding such a candidate for matrimony is becoming "well nigh impossible" because of the continued flight of the females from the east, and because, paradoxically, the chosen one still has to catch up a hefty dowry for the assumed privilege of making her man.

When Johnny goes to see a farmer about his daughter and finds there is a beam for negotiation, he fixes a time and place for the two farmers to meet. This place is usually the local inn where both fathers arrive with a bottle of whiskey. Mothers are never permitted to "sit in on a match" as their presence is said to bring bad luck.

The proceedings are formal. The first drink is called by Johnny, the second by the girl's father, who will ask the matchmaker what "fortune", or dowry, is expected and what his daughter can expect in return.

What he asks is the value of the farm buildings, the cows, sheep, pigs and horses? How the taxes been paid? Is there a well on the property? Is it far to the highway or an inn? What kind of a house is it — stone or thatch? How far from the pub, school and town?

So the haggling goes on until a deal is made. The snow-white the farm and livestock, the bigger the dowry will have to be. The ceremony of "walking the land" takes place

Outback "ships" that sailed

CAMELS have always been known as "ships of the desert", but in outback Queensland you could see various varieties sailing on dry land.

The first of these was back in the old push-bike days, when shamans travelled enormous distances with the wind behind them all the way. They would rig up seats out of their canvas wing covers, and with these fitted to a sagging frame strapped to the bike, would sail along for hours.

Of recent years, however, these sailing bikes have disappeared, but the fathers on the line between Winton and Longreach had made tried to their pump-up-trailers to take advantage of the wind when they want to head from their camps.

Usually the wind blew one way in the morning and changed to the opposite point in the evening. It was of great help to men hauling pumps the railway to their own living distances.

when the girl's father and her brothers come to inspect the farm, making a careful inventory of the stock and checking on all the advantages previously claimed for it.

The cows get a feed early that day to make them look contented and healthy, geese are killed, the house is whitewashed, generous quantities of whiskey and porter are brought in for consumption. The young man involved in the deal stays outside shuffling his feet and wondering whether his dam chicken out before it's too late.

Irish farmers have been known to drive a neighbor's cattle on to their land on these occasions to give the prospective father-in-law a better impression, but the best subterfuge story concerns the owner of a certain pub near Odessa. Wanting a rich farmer's daughter, he stressed the prosperity of his pub so much that the farmer agreed to "walk the land" — in this case, to inspect the pub — before starting negotiations.

On the morning set for the inspection the publican called on all his regular customers, gave them each a half dollar and invited them to spend it on porter. This bit of shoddiness really impressed the farmer. Business,

he saw clearly, was brisk indeed, and on the strength of it he let his daughter go, handing over a dowry of 1000 Pounds Sterling.

After a marriage match has been made legal documents known as "the writings" are drawn up, conveying the ownership of the farm to the son. Provision is made by the father for the maintenance of himself and his wife until their deaths. This maintenance usually includes the use of a room in the house, a place at the hearth, the right to "graze a cow", to help themselves to food and maybe cultivate a patch of potatoes.

When there is no male heir to the farm and a female inherits it, the incoming son-in-law brings a dowry, generally very much larger than that expected of a bride. This is paid to the father as return for handing over the farm, lock, stock and barrel.

Though such arranged marriages are just as fertile as any other, they are becoming fewer and fewer as the supply of Irish colts runs up, and the delay into middle age becomes longer and longer.

The story goes in Odessa that a couple who had been "matched" for 10 years and still waiting to get married, indulged in the following

conversation: "John, we've been courting now for 10 years."

"That's right," John muttered blowing the froth from his porter.

"Don't you think it's time we were getting married?"

"Willie, Mary, girl," replies John. "Who'd have us?"

Recently the mother of a little seaside village in County Cavan finally tied the nuptial knot. He had been waiting till he retired at the age of 70 before marrying the girl. They had been courting 29 years.

"She's no chicken," neighbors said of the bride, "but how many Irish brides are chickens today?" It is true that last year over half of all women who married in Ireland were between the ages of 35 and 45.

Match-maker Johnny Lynch was 70 years old when I paid him with porter and got him to talk. He too was a bachelor. "They've been trying to make a match for me these last 30 years," he chuckled. "But I tell ye, there's no girl born fast and loose enough to catch me yet!"

And he attended quite proud of himself and supremely satisfied with the situation as it stood. For it left him single, never quite sober, and as fancy-free as a leprechaun.

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HE'D NEVER HURT A FLY

Continued from page 22

Then one morning we were in the radio room and Jim suddenly produced the transmitter from his pocket. It was built in a yellow plastic box. "This is it," he said. And he pressed the switch, which was a white plastic knob, the sort of thing used on bedside lamps or any sort of movable lamp.

He held it down. "That's it," he said and put it back in his pocket.

"You mean he's dead," I said.

"If he's sitting on the chair."

"You mean you don't know?"

"No," Jim said cheerfully.

A minute later Mr Keith walked in, very much alive.

"You are just playing with him," I heard as Jim. "Why don't you press it while he's sitting there and get it over with."

"Does it make you nervous?" he said mockingly. I think then that he saw he could have more fun with me than he could with Mr Keith.

We were walking back from the hotel after lunch one day when he pulled the transmitter out of his pocket. "Here's another go at Russian Roulette," he said and he pressed the switch. "If he's sitting there he's dead now."

But Mr Keith wasn't sitting in his

chair and he escaped again.

"I don't think that thing actually works at all," I said to him.

"I'll prove it to you," Jim said.

Mr Keith was away in the general office in another block. "Come on," Jim said. He took a voltmeter from the lab, connected one lead to the chair, one to the desk, turning it to the 500 volt AC range. There was no indication of voltage. He took the transmitter out of his pocket, pressed the switch and instantly there was 230 volts on the meter.

"See," he said triumphantly. "It works perfectly." He released the switch and the meter went back to zero.

I felt a little ill. He was a devil, a dangerous devil.

"If you wait too long the battery on the receiver in Mr Keith's office will be flat," I said.

"It will last his shelf life," Jim said. "Because it doesn't draw any current until it receives a signal."

In the sixth week of the course I was feeling worried, mostly about my chances of passing the final examination. The theory was getting more complicated and I had forgotten so much of the basic theory of electronics that I was forced to read and study basic theory as well as advanced theory.

We were all like that, except Jim.

He was still not studying, but he could still promptly answer any question the instructor fired at us.

I got to like Jim more and more. Every night there was a party in his room with girls and liquor and this loss meter in constant use.

"Is there any danger with the loss meter?" I asked him.

He laughed.

"From electric shock?" I wanted.

"No. It works from a small dry battery, no dangerous voltage."

He knew so much more than I did. He was junior to me in the company, yet he got better shops than I did. I got some of the oldest and slowest. I didn't have his personality of course.

I'd be trying to study and there'd be this constant noise from his room along the corridor. And the walls were thin. I wanted to scream, "Shut up!" It was hell.

The only person I hated more was Mr Keith. He'd stand there at the blackboard lecturing in a rapid voice with sheets of mutilated hand-outs to give us to reinforce the lecture. He'd ask questions I couldn't answer. And he still seemed to pick on me.

If he was dead then maybe the course wouldn't finish, I'd be able to go back to sea until they started another one. But when I asked Jim he grinned. "Not until I think the moment opportune."

But if he wouldn't, I would kill Mr Keith. I'd make a transmitter of my own. It only needed a simple continuous wave transmitter to raise the relay to class. It could be done with a couple of transistors and a handful of components.

I bought some pieces from a make shop up the street and wired up a transmitter one night when I went back to the Institute. Then I tried it out with the chair.

There was a single light over Mr Keith's desk, but I didn't dare switch it on. There was enough light coming in from the lecture room. It was a grey steel desk with a plastic top. The chair was steel also.

I found the receiver under the bottom ledge of the desk. I had to fiddle with the transmitter frequency until it locked in with the receiver. Working frantically I turned the non-coded tuning slug in the coil of my transmitter until the small relay in the receiver suddenly clicked in from the transmitter's signal.

I pressed the small switch of my transmitter and made sure the relay worked every time. Now I could leave the chair at any time. And that would be tomorrow when Mr Keith was in his office preparing lectures.



"I've killed an innocent man. I thought he was my wife."

I went back to the hotel. There was noise as usual coming from Jim's room. I lay on my bed and stared at the old-fashioned high ceiling. Now I was going to murder a man, something that I had never ever imagined I would do. It was something I'd never ever thought of. But now I was looking forward to it. When Mr Keith was dead that purgatory of mine would be over.

Just like Jim I had built the transmitter into a small plastic box which I could slip into my jacket pocket. The only difference was the color. Mine was orange. I looked at my jacket hanging behind the door in the pocket was death.

Jim and I were working on advanced transmitter circuits, the type of thing used in two-motion radar, computer stuff, very complex, and I was rather baffled by it all. The other four were in the radio room.

Mr Keith went into his office. I could see him at dawn at his desk.

"Now's your chance," I hinted at Jim.

"For what?" he said innocently. "You know," I whispered.

"Oh, that," he said innocently. He put his hand in his pocket. I held my breath and watched the back of Mr Keith. Nothing happened. Jim was grinning at me.

"You're frightened," I said. What had he said when I had asked him if he had ever murdered a man? He said he'd never had the courage.

"No I'm not," he had to me. "But have you got the guts to do it?" He held out the transmitter to me. "You press the switch."

I drew back and put my hands in my jacket pocket.

"Coward," he jeered.

I just looked at him, as I switched on my transmitter.

There was a sudden cry from Mr Keith's office.

Jim whipped around. Mr Keith had fallen forward on to his desk. Jim looked at his transmitter and back again. "I never touched it," he whispered.

"It might have been a short circuit," I suggested.

"No," he said.

"You'd better get rid of your receiver."

He was suddenly galvanized into action. He ran into the office, disconnected the mains power feed from a block on the skirting board, and ripped the receiver from its hiding place under the desk.

"Quick," he shouted. "Give me a hand. Mouth to nose resuscitation."

The doctor said Mr Keith's death was due to heart failure.

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Jim went to prison. He talked it
over with me and Andy. "It must
have been heart failure. I didn't
touch the transmitter. You saw me,"
he said.

"That's right."

"There were electrical burns on
his hands, but maybe he got them
some other time."

"Sure," I said soothingly.

Jim gave up him radio, pushed
the kiss meter into a corner. He
became withdrawn, far from his
usual happy self. The course con-
tinued under another instructor. And
I worked very hard right up to the
final examination.

I passed. Jim failed. And quite
frankly I was glad. I've got a good
shop now. And nobody rides rough-
shod over me. I've changed Jim in
about one of the oldest shops in the
fleet. They say he doesn't talk to
anybody, he's mad.

They don't say that about me. I
built a kiss meter and in every part
it's a sensation with the girls. I've
never been as popular.

FULL CIRCLE

Continued from page 63

No one was looking for Shirley.
Why should they? They had me. I've
had time to figure the thing now.

Fidler had me set up for the fall
before I ever left Dearborn. He
told me just enough about Shirley to
make sure I'd look her up.

With his sights already set on the
old woman's money, he needed
something to distract attention from
Shirley, because a serious look at her
by the police could easily have led
back to him. When Fidler killed the
old woman finding out where her
money was, he must have congratulated
himself on his foresight in
having me as a distraction.

I'd held up the operation in the
beginning by not identifying myself
to her. She turned on the card-
power in the Perseus that night only
because she'd been close enough to
read my phony credit cards.

She kept me at a distance
originally because then I might lose
interest and drift on before Fidler
was released and started to drive
home the real. When they were ready
to roll she left her door open and
there I was, ripe for the plucking.

It's quite a oddity they've left me
wearing in the District of Columbia,
a conviction of Murder One carries a
mandatory sentence of the electric
chair.

It's full summer now, but the days
are getting longer and shorter at the
same time.

SEE ROME AND DIE

Continued from page 29

Its bare stone walls were shiny somewhere in the distance Jardine thought he could hear the roar of water, a heavy, pounding boom.

"Are you all right?"

Gina's eyes were rimmed with tears.

"I am sorry you are here. I wish I had not gone to your room." Jardine forced a smile. "I wouldn't miss it for quids, Gina."

They found a dry place to sit. The floor and walls were cold. Gina shivered.

Then the door opened, and one of the men entered carrying a bottle of wine.

"Graziam says you might like to warm up..." He laughed as he held the bottle to Gina's lips. She drank a few sips, then turned her head away. The bottle was held out to Jardine, who shook his head.

The man shrugged. "You stay got thirsty. I come back later."

The door shut again and the bolt was shot home. In the hour that followed Jardine struggled with the heavy rope binding his hands. It was working loose. Sweat broke out as he worked feverishly. Gina was sleeping fitfully beside him. He watched her, waited the rise and fall of her breasts, fighting to muster the energy to keep up the struggle.

The skin of his wrists was raw. Heavy movement now was becoming an agony. Sweat poured from his face and chest. His heart pumped desperately, his breathing became more difficult.

He did not know the precise instant his hands were free. He struggled with the rope until a slow awareness spread up from his aching wrists. He opened and shook his fists, trying to restore circulation, letting his head rest back against the clumsy stones.

It was not until he held his hands before his eyes that he could relax. He caught his breath, wiping a shaking palm over his damp forehead.

"Gina..." he whispered.

"Gina..." he whispered. Her eyes opened and he placed a finger to her lips. She nodded and leaned forward. Within seconds he had freed her hands.

He checked his watch.

"It's six." His voice was low and hoarse. "When the guard comes back, keep your hands behind you..." He tried to check his breathing.

"Poi..."

"You?" They eyes met.

"How can I thank you?"

He shrugged. A wary Italian shrug. Six-thirty. seven thirty

The bolt rattled on the other side of the door. Gina, alert, placed her hands behind her back. The door opened slowly. Jardine, his hands still raw, braced himself.

The guard stepped into the cellar. It was the same man, this time carrying only the bottle of wine. He was clearly not expecting trouble.

"You are thirsty?" Soon we take you out of Rome. Graziam has a place for you..." He laughed as he held the bottle of wine to Gina's lips. She took a few sips.

The man stepped over to Jardine. He held out the bottle and that was when Jardine snapped into action. He grabbed the man by the shoulders and thrust him forward, smashing his head against the stone. With a low cry the guard went limp and Jardine let the body slump to the floor. He looted the gun in a coat pocket and helped Gina to her feet.

They moved quietly up the winding stairs to a door which led to the front corridor of the building. Jardine placed a hand on Gina's shoulder as he turned the handle. The door opened with a loud squeak. They edged out into the hall. The door to the street was only 20 feet away.

"Is that you, Marcello?" It was Graziam's voice, calling from a room down the hall.

Jardine took Gina by the arm as they ran for the street. Outside, dark shadows shrouded the silent buildings. Suddenly a voice shouted. Jardine spun round and fired once, and saw the other man crumple.

They ran, Gina clenching the torn cloth to her body, Jardine casting quick glances over his shoulder. Another voice called and a shot rang out.

They turned a corner and the roar of water which Jardine had heard before was almost deafening. They were in the tiny square of the Fontane di Trevi. The boom of the fountain echoed around the tiny area. The baroque statues of gods and goddesses set among the rocks occupied the entire wall of a palace. On the far side of the fountain a huge crowd was assembled.

Gina pointed and Jardine followed. They ran to the low wall, soaked it and clambered up among the floodlit statues. From the crowd came laughs, noisy shouting above the roar of cascading water. The decorative fountains had been designed well, Jardine thought, as he and the

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girl took cover behind the stone figure. The crowd was catcalling and waving to them.

Looking back, Jardine saw Graciani and his men run into the square. Graciani followed the pace of the crowd and pointed up to the fountain. As a group of them clambered over the wall and on to the facade of the Torre, the crowd yelled encouragement.

The laughter and shouting stopped as Graciani's gun barked. There was a deadly hush, broken only by the roar of water falling into the wide basin of the fountain. Another shot stopped someone ahead as Gusa tried to make her own way around the base of a statue. Jardine hauled her down. He fired twice, and saw Graciani and his men dash for cover.

The crowd watched silently as two men moved around the rocks, firing occasionally to keep their prey pinned down. A bullet whined past, inches from Jardine's head.

"Only one thing for it!" he shouted to Gusa, pointing below.

She nodded. She leapt up and dived. Jardine stopped out, emptying his gun at the two men before he, too, plunged from the rocks.

The cold green water engulfed him 15 feet below. He surfaced to find Gusa swimming beside him. Above, the two men were staring down. One aimed his gun and fired, plumes of water kicking up only feet away. Then a shot rang out and the man toppled, a striped expression of surprise on his face. Police whistles sounded and Jardine saw uniformed men running from all sides of the square.

They swam to the bank. A group of cheating youths dragged them out. Jardine was aware of someone stepping his back and congratulating him. Gusa stood beside him, shivering, the black strands of her frock barely covering her body, clinging to the provocative curves of her breasts and hips.

In the hotel room, the police officer looked from the girl to Jardine.

"We hope you have not been inconvenienced," he began his speech with a bow. "However, we find the census and Graciani has been arrested for murder. Please, accept my gratitude for your role in this affair. And now, if I can help, please tell me. If you would like to tour Roma, to see our beautiful city, my car is at your disposal."

Gusa spoke quickly in Italian. Jardine watched as the man's face changed from an expression of

official politeness to one of knowing sympathy. He tipped his cap, winked at Jardine and turned. He shot the door firmly behind him.

Jardine turned to Gina. "What did you tell him?"

Gina got to her feet and peeked off her back. Between the bed and the bathroom she cast off her hair and panties.

"I said," she shrugged, "we had some unfinished business."

Jardine followed her. "Where are you going?"

She stood naked beneath the shower. She laughed and sprayed water at him. "This is how we meet, no?—before we were so rudely interrupted."

DEATH IN THE OBLONG ROOM

Continued from page 38

McBarn had lost a good deal of his previous composure, and now he faced Leopold with red-ringed eyes and a lip that trembled when he spoke. "What, what did you want to ask me?"

"A great many things, son. All the questions in the world." Leopold smiled and offered the boy a cigarette. "You and Rollings were taking LSD, weren't you?"

"We took it, yes."

"Why? For kicks?"

"Not for kicks. You don't understand about Ralph."

"I understand that you killed him. What more is there to understand? You stabbed him to death right over there on that bed."

Tom McBarn took a deep breath. "We didn't take LSD for kicks," he repeated. "It was more to heighten the sense of religious experience—a sort of mystical involvement that is the whole meaning of life."

Leopold frowned down at the boy. "I'm only a detective, son. You and Rollings were strangers to me until yesterday and I guess now he'll always be a stranger to me. That's one of the troubles with my job. I don't get to meet people until it's too late, until the damage— he gestured toward the empty bed — "is already done. But I want to know what happened in this room, between you two. I don't want to hear about mysticism or religious experience. I want to hear what happened—why you killed him and why you sat here with the body for 22 hours."

Tom McBarn looked up at the walls, staring them perhaps for the first and thousandth time. "Did you ever think about this room? About

the shape of it? Ralph used to say it reminded him of a story by Poe, 'The Oblong Box.' Remember that story? The box was on board a ship and, of course, it contained a body. Like Queequeg's coffin which rose from the sea to rescue Ishmael."

"And this room was Ralph's coffin?" Leopold asked quietly.

"Yes." McBarn stared down at his handcuffed wrists. "His tomb."

"You killed him, didn't you?"

"Yes."

Leopold looked away. "Do you want your lawyer?"

"No. Nothing."

"My God! Twenty-two hours!"

"I was—"

"I know what you were doing. But I don't think you'll ever tell it to a judge and jury."

"I'll tell you, because maybe you can understand."

He began to talk in a slow, quiet voice, and Leopold listened because that was his job.

Toward evening, when Tom McBarn had been returned to his cell and Fletcher sat alone with Leopold, he said, "I've called the District Attorney, Captain. What are you going to tell him?"

"The facts, I suppose. McBarn will sign a confession of just how it happened. The rest is out of our hands."

"Do you want to tell me about it, Captain?"

"I don't think I want to tell anyone about it. But I suppose I have to. I guess it was all that talk of religious experience and coffins rising from the ocean that tipped me off. You know that Rollings pictured their room as a sort of tomb."

"For him it was."

"I wish I'd known him, Fletcher. I only wish I'd known him in time."

"What would you have done?"

"Perhaps only listened and tried to understand him."

"McBarn admitted killing him?"

Leopold nodded. "It seems that Rollings asked him to, and Tom McBarn trusted him."

"Rollings asked to be stabbed through the heart?"

"Yes," Leopold replied.

"Then why did McBarn stay with the body so long? For a whole day and night?"

"He was waiting," Leopold said quietly, looking at nothing at all.

"He was waiting for Rollings to rise from the dead."



"Follow that cab!"

KNOW HER BY HER NOSE

Continued from page 17

They must breathe through the mouth for about 10 days, but stitches and tape are removed within a week.

The human nose has almost infinite variety in both sexes, and is a reliable guide to desire. The nose of your loved one may be long or short, broad or narrow, blunt, crooked, snub or turned up. Any of these points tells interesting facts about her sexual potential. Fortunes have been made out of palmistry and phrenology. Future fortunes are going to be made out of nose-reading.

A long nose belonging to a female, always signifies a shrewd, positive personality with fierce loyalty toward the man who claims he loves her. If it is also perfectly straight and has its root just a little above the center of the eyes, it denotes intellect and an instinctive capacity for total co-operation during the heights of passion. Long-nosed females are responsive to love-play.

As affectionate look, a bug, a whupped word will trigger passions that can be satiated only in full and complete sexual union. But only

with one man. Promiscuity is almost unknown among long-nosed sex partners. They are one-man women without compromise.

Short noses are common among swaying young women to whom the sexual revolution is a real gas and who consider bondage fashion with different sex partners a perfectly natural and wholesome pastime in this day and age. Short-nosed chicks dig absolute equality of the sexes and are just as likely to hunt, like men, that a sell is the key is indicated when mutual togetherness has reached a certain intimate stage.

They tend to initiate sex play. Their fierce desire to claim all of Man's privileges is often so blatant that guys on the make get cold feet, and back out of the bedroom. But short noses usually go with long, sinuous legs in females. Short noses have one big advantage over big noses — they don't get in the way when mouth-to-mouth prelude is being undertaken.

Short-nosed couples are able to arrive at quick decisions on matters of extreme urgency. They are never jealous. Their performance in bed is knowledgeable and intense.

Broad-nosed beauties are affectionate, sexy, prone to tears, and

great admirers of the male sex. In fact they know that men are superior and willingly admit it. That is the kind of world they love — where the male lover is dominant and holds no brief for females who want to usurp his power and traditional perquisites.

Because of this subconscious broad-nosed broads are not usually flaming balls of fire in the bedroom. Their sexual psychology is to give, give, give, but in the giving they lose sight of the ideal that gratification should be the goal for both partners.

They enjoy "sacrificing" their own pleasure if this means that their lovers are to be fulfilled. They worship men, and it is a privilege for broad-nosed girls to serve the opposite sex.

The narrow (but not long) nose in females often signals a distinct tendency to be selfish, snaky, and fidget when affairs with the male sex are being fought out to their ultimate and actual conclusion. Narrow-nosed females are frequently incredibly beautiful and desirable — and they know it. Their mirrors have taught them that their faces and figures are their fortune to be used ruthlessly and with deliberate intent. But not for their lover's gratification. For themselves.

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They are very anxious to please the potential marriage material that does come along. They make a deliberate effort to learn all there is to know about making a man admirably happy, in bed or out of it.

Nose-watchers partly trace character assuming science by pointing out that the nose is permanent even if it may have been moulded into a new shape by a plastic surgeon. It is influenced only by the unconscious action of its possessor's mind and formed by years of growth, during which thoughts, emotions, and passions have stamped an indelible character on it. It cannot speak falsely.

All the traits of man and woman, their history, their desires, their ambitions, and their brain power find expression in the nose. It is the most notable feature of the human face down because, unlike the smile, the expression of the eyes and the movement of the lips, it is not under control of the will.

This is demonstrated even more dramatically in the male of the species. Only dignified, cool-thinking

men, for instance, can wear aquiline or hooked noses with grace or effect. They are not suited to the female face, and are only to be tolerated on women when counteracted by unusual charm or talent. It makes the dominating pug, the asymmetrical Grecian, and the haughty Roman have a remarkable and distinct individuality which is noted instinctively by the female.

The great Napoleon Bonaparte, one of the most brilliant generals who ever lived, was a skilful reader of the face and character of a man, and without a single exception he chose his officers by the size and appearance of their noses.

"Do not tell me of your proficiency in the art of war," he said to a would-be officer, "but let me observe the development of your nose."

Napoleon had probably absorbed William Shakespeare's maxim that "A good nose is requisite to smell out work." Firmly believing it, the conquering Frenchman collected round him the most luxurious females, the strongest minds, the bravest hearts and the most loyal lieutenants

His own nose was large in youth, and massive in later years. If it had been half as much shorter the despotic of nations might have been totally different.

One of the most world-famous and distinctive noses on the current scene is stuck in the middle of Bob Hope's face. Explaining how it got that way he says, "The day I was born, my mother took her first look at my nose, 'Get the doctor back', she bellowed. 'There's been a terrible mistake. They've taken the baby and left the stick.'"

The man who has made a better living than anyone else out of a giant nose is Jimmy (Schmoe) Durante. He once told actress Tallulah Bankhead "For years I've admired you from afar."

Said Bankhead: "With that nose, darling, how else?"

A room in Jimmy's Hollywood home is jam-packed with models of enormous, ugly-looking noses. They hang over shelves, and bookcases, and are carved in bronze, clay and oak.

"Buy beautifully the room," says Durante with pride. "I am now compensated for the rest of my life."



"There! Now if you fall the rope will save you."

HIS OWN BREED

Continued from page 48

For a long minute Clew peered glottingly at the lean, powerfully formed, long-legged grey horse. As he gazed his look of imitation vanished and was replaced by one of awestruck confidence. Slowly and carefully Clew considered from all angles the idea that had come into his mind. Young and fresh from the range as it was, the grey was in excellent trim — at the very height of its strength and speed.

As for Palo Verde Spring and its outcrops, Clew was sick of them, he told himself. In the three weeks or more he had been there he had well overestimated his welcome, and only his two guns and the will to use them had won him courtesy and consideration. Today, when he had naked his neck for their amusement, they had given him his due a little. But hadn't they got him drunk then and won his money to the last dollar?

At the thought, Clew's face set and his eyes grew hard as when he had first looked at the horse, a killer's stare. Shaking at his crossed gambrels, he tried them to see that the hoofs of his two notched-handled mucksters were in easy reach. Then with a purposeful stride he increased to the wagon he had emerged from

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Passing in the deeper shadow beneath the wooden saloon eaving, Clew swiftly unfastened his handkerchief from about his neck and tied it securely over his face, leaving only his eyes exposed between kerchief edge and low-pulled hat brim. They'd learn who it was soon enough when they missed the horse, but there was no use in having a saloon full of eyewitnesses.

Having completed the job to his satisfaction, Clew turned and strode boldly forward. Shoving the swing doors inward with one hand he drew one of the huge 45s with the other. Then as he stepped clear and the doors swung shut behind him, his freed hand dropped and rose with the second gun.

"Put them up everybody!" Clew snarled. To give force to the order his arm thrust and both guns blazed defiantly, low over the heads of the crowd. "Up with your hands, and keep them up!" Clew repeated as the roar of the shots died away. "Now teller, you take your hat and go among these gents for their money. Start at their bartender's cash drawer and make him your next stop. Take only paper money," Clew directed to the man nearest him.

Immediately the man did as ordered while Clew's guns faced the crowd apawerfully. During a silent battle as close as glass, the man crossed to the bar and waited while the bartender plied his bar half full of loose bills. Then he crossed to Irwin Grudginsky, but without show of reluctance, Jake dropped his huge roll of horse sale money into the hat.

Half the number had been covered when a link, hawk-faced cowman reached into his pocket. But instead of bringing out money, a gun flashed ominously as his hand flamed into light. With his own guns already out and levelled and his head eyes following the collector intently, Clew was instantly in action.

The huge weapon in his right hand flamed redly and the cowman with the gun crumpled to the floor. Crying out the first man's name and given a reckless courage from it a second man began to draw from a lowered belt holster.

His gun was out and rising before Clew caught sight of it. But Clew's already drawn and levelled weapons saved him. Roaring defiantly they cut the man down where he stood.

"Try at Try your luck," Clew bawled recklessly. But no one he moved. With two men down without either having fired his gun, the crowd stood in awe and better stillness until the cowman with the hat had completed his round.

Keeping the man between himself and the crowd-filled room, Clew deftly holstered one of his guns and circled the hooped hat with his free arm.

"Now get back there with the others, and the whole bunch of you look down to the far end of the room," Clew directed the hat corner and crowd in one breath. "I'm going to be right outside that door for a while waitin' to see who wants to drop me and I want you where you'll make good targets," he added, backing against the yielding swing doors.

A moment later he was through and the spring-loaded hinges of the doors had swung them shut. The instant they closed Clew turned and hunked toward the corridor on the run. Well enough he knew that even the threatened menace of his guns would not hold the infuriated crowd long.

Too carefully had Clew gone over the thing, judging the distance and the position of his mount to miss it among the other horses that lined the fence. Without a moment's hesitation he reached the grey, springing to its head he tugged fiercely at the stout halter rope. Knowing the horse's strength, Irwin's man had secured a heavy rope from the grey's neck to one of the thick corral posts and knotted it hard.

Clew had overlooked the possibility, but he was too resourceful to have it stop him. Lacking a long-bladed pick-knife from his pocket he slashed through the rope.

Flashing briefly beside the splendid animal Clew ran his eyes glancingly over the grey's lean-bodied lines, then glanced toward the saloon with narrowing eyes. In spite of his quick getaway he saw that he now had no time to lose.

He had stuffed the money in his shirt front as he ran and had not even paused to undo the knotted handkerchief that masked his face. Yet as Clew glanced he saw the saloon doors crash open and a stream of shouting, maddened men pour through them.

In the bright moonlight Clew caught the gleam of guns in their hands and heard the pounding rush of their boot heels as they headed toward the corral. But his thin lips curled scornfully. With the money safe in his shirt and the fastest horse in the region beside him, Clew had no thought of failure.

Already he could see himself in another town far from the present scene. He could hear his voice as he boasted of his exploits, telling some carefully planned story of how he

had earned or won the money, and enlarging upon his conquest of the grey he rode. He could see the nods of approval and envy from his listeners and hear them as they invited him up to the bar to drink.

These thoughts passed before Clew's mind in the moment he stood beside the grey. Then he swung himself into the saddle jerking the horse's head toward the open gate. Clew's spine bit deeply.

Through the wide-swinging corral gate the oncoming men saw Clew mount and turn the horse toward them, and a cry of rage and disappointment went up from their ranks. With some distance still separating them they realised they would be too late to stop the rider. Strung out as they were, none dared shoot for fear of hitting the others. Instead, the crowd halted.

"Shoot him! Try him with your weapons quick!" A man began from the rear. Then his voice hushed at a strange sound from the moon shade.

Across the width of moonlight flooded upon the onlookers was the grey horse hurt forward at the rate of Clew's spurs. The next instant the lunging grey seemed to rise — to tower to a gigantic height, like some savage winged creature on the point of flight. The men and horse sank earthward as the grey pitched backward.

From where they stood the watchers heard the crashing thud as the horse struck the earth.

But even then the drama was not fully ended. For as the horse springing to its feet after its death-dealing lunge the watchers saw the speckled figure left upon the night star, saw it wobble briefly up. Propping himself on one elbow with the last spark of his remaining vitality Clew cupped a fistful into the head of the killer horse.

Man and horse were dead when the crowd reached them. Few spoke as they straightened Clew's figure and slipped from his face the red bandana — dyed more deeply now with the bright red that flooded his clenched lips.

It was old Jake Irwin who roared what all felt. "Under the stress of his gambles and then the planning and carryin' out of this hold-up, Clew overlooked a vital point — which was the importance of the grey known' him in order for him to ride it again." Jake said slowly. Thinkin' only of gettin' away, Clew come darlin' out here with a peek over his face and 'bout no fresh flicker on his breath. The grey didn't recognise him either by sight or smell, and haled him!"

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